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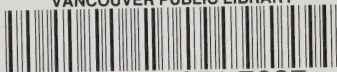
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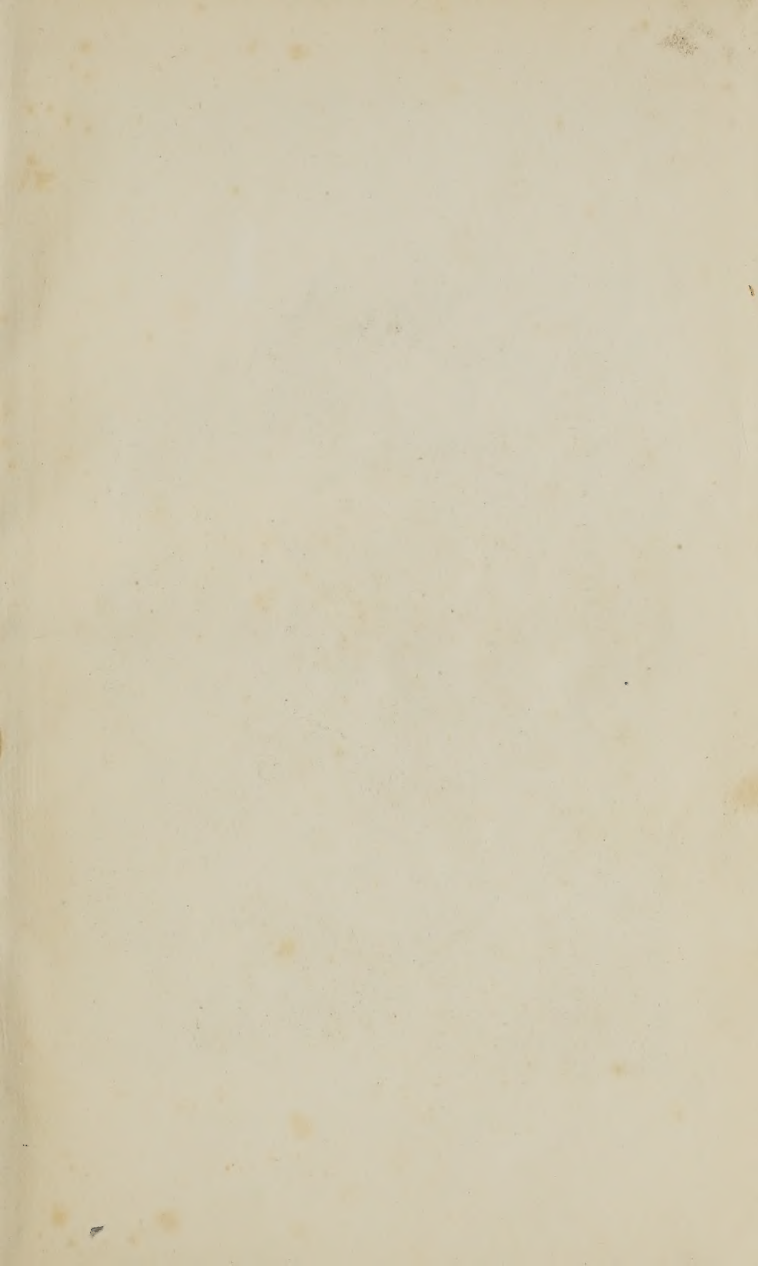


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THE VALOUR OF ROBERT BLAKE.

NOTABLE EXPLOITS
WHICH HAVE
LEFT THEIR MARK IN HISTORY.

ROBERT BLAKE.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

JOHN FREDERICK.


By E. D. Marks.

WITH SIX CHROMO ILLUSTRATIONS.



London :

DEAN & SON, LTD., 160A, FLEET STREET. E.C.



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ROBERT BLAKE,
THE REPUBLICAN ADMIRAL.

“Chiefly you who ride the deep,
And bid our thunders wake or sleep,
As pity pleads, or glory calls,
Monarchs of our wooden walls !
Midst your mingling seas and skies,
Rise, ye Blakes !” — W. WHITEHEAD.

For naval prowess, Britannia has, for long ages past, stood proudly pre-eminent among the nations. Again and again has her maritime superiority been challenged ; again and again has it been made manifest to the world. The annals of antiquity record no such deeds of daring on the mighty deep as are narrated in the biographies of British mariners,

“Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze.”

Conspicuous in the brilliant galaxy of names of imperishable fame, is that of Robert Blake, one of those *remarkable men*, who in History's theatre ap-

ROBERT BLAKE.

pear almost fortuitously yet most opportunely on the stage to play their part in the drama of national crises, or in the accomplishment of ever-memorable undertakings.

Robert Blake and Oliver Cromwell were born in 1599. Robert Blake and Napoleon Buonaparte were born on the 15th of August. It was Oliver Cromwell and his colleagues who gave Blake the opportunity to become a pattern to British admirals: it was Napoleon Buonaparte that gave occasion for Nelson to consummate what Blake commenced two hundred years previously, namely, the establishment of the supremacy of Britain on the great pathway of the nations.

Humphrey Blake was a member of a highly respectable Somersetshire family. Little is known of his history, except that having as a merchant engaged in the Spanish trade, he amassed a large fortune, and purchased an estate at Bridgewater. There he resided, and there, at the date already given, his eldest son, Robert, was born. The old house, and the secluded garden, in which the future hero played and studied, became in after ages, objects of interest. It is said that Humphrey Blake had a "numerous" family. He died when Robert was in his sixteenth year. We are not informed how many children he had, or how many survived him. Robert and his brother Humphrey are the only ones mentioned in history. Of their mother nothing is recorded, and of their early domestic history very little can be ascertained.

At an early age, Robert was sent to the Free School of his native town. The school was at that period considered to be one of the best of its kind. Robert manifested considerable aptitude to learning, and in this he appears to have differed from other members of the Blake family, who turned their attention more to mercantile pursuits.

His progress at the Bridgewater Free School is said to have been highly satisfactory to his friends. He assiduously studied navigation and the art of ship-building, in addition to Greek and Latin, and other ordinary subjects of school routine. When, in 1615, his father died, Robert, at his own request, was entered a member of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, thence he removed to Wadham College, where, in 1617, he was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Recorded particulars of his university career are but few, and those few are questionable authority. The only known literary production of his, consists of verses on the death of William Camden, the celebrated antiquarian; but these do not possess more than the ordinary merit of college exercises. Clarendon, who is scrupulously chary of commendation respecting any of the republican party, informs us that Blake's learning was as extensive as requisite for any gentleman of fortune who was not desirous of becoming a member of a learned profession.

It is by no means improbable that Blake had some thoughts of entering the church; for, as a university

student, he was remarkable for gravity of deportment, early rising, and the same studious application which he had shewn as a school-boy. Our conjecture is strengthened by the fact that, in 1619, he became a candidate for a fellowship in Merton college, of which the warden, Sir Henry Saville, was no less remarkable for his erudition than for his whimsical regard to the personal comeliness of ecclesiastical dignitaries. It is said that Blake was foiled in his endeavours to obtain the fellowship, mainly through the opposition of Sir Henry, who objected that he was not tall enough for such university distinction! Allowing a wide margin for the eccentricities of so eminent a scholar as Sir Henry Saville undoubtedly was, his objection appears so frivolous, if not preposterous, that there is little reason to doubt that if his opposition alone prevented Blake from becoming Fellow of Merton college, it arose from principle rather than from caprice. There is good reason for believing that Blake belonged, or was regarded as belonging, to what would now be designated the low-church party, whilst Sir Henry Saville was undisguisedly a high-churchman. Under such circumstances, any excuse was better than none for keeping him out of a fellowship. Certain it is that there is no evidence to shew that he lost his election from deficiency in the requisite scholastic attainments.

His failure in obtaining the desired fellowship, did not induce him to relinquish his college studies; he remained at the university for about five years subse-

HIS CHARACTER.

quently. His principal amusements were fishing and fowling. One of his biographers asserts that he was addicted to hunting and stealing swans. No doubt the Oxonians of the seventeenth century were as fond of frolic as are those of the present day; and the swan-stealing was most probably the mere capturing of the aquatic biped as a test of dexterity. Be this as it may, Blake's marauding expeditions, if not entirely fabulous, do not appear to have involved him at any time in disgrace, or even to have been seriously urged to his discredit. In fact, no particular instance, as in the case of the Bard of Avon, is quoted to shew the predatory propensities of Blake, whose career from the beginning to the end is untarnished by a single act of meanness, much less dishonesty.

We have no clue to the ultimate views of Robert Blake in remaining for about nine years at the university. Had he contemplated entering the church, his opinions must have undergone considerable modification since the affair of 1619. His opposition to the intolerance of the party of which the unfortunate Archbishop Laud may be considered the representative, must have acquired considerable strength.

When Blake quitted Oxford, he settled on his patrimonial estate at Bridgewater. How he passed his time there, it were useless now to inquire. We are told, however, that he was remarkable for gravity of deportment, sincerity, and sound judgment; that, although somewhat austere in his manner of life, he was affable, and plain-spoken, and vivacious in

conversation; and that he took a lively interest in the great questions of the day, unhesitatingly expressing his opinions on them, and undisguisedly identifying himself with those opposed to the arbitrary measures of the court, and to the persecuting intolerance of the ultra church-party.

There, for about sixteen years, the future admiral lived in as much retirement as it was perhaps possible for a gentleman of independence, education, and social influence, to enjoy. The year 1640 opened portentously on the fortunes of Charles I. Then it was that Thomas Viscount Wentworth, the lord-deputy of Ireland, came over to England, was created Earl of Strafford, and installed Knight of the most noble order of the Garter; that he unwisely advised war against his sovereign's countrymen, the Scots; and that he loyally subscribed twenty-thousand pounds towards the expenses of the undertaking. Then it was that Edward Bagshaw, the reader of the Middle Temple, publicly maintained that a good Act of Parliament might be passed without the sanction of lords spiritual, and that beneficed clergymen should not be allowed to exercise temporal jurisdiction. Then it was, that after an interval of twelve years, the king, acting upon the advice of Strafford and Laud, summoned a Parliament, in order that money might be raised for the war against Scotland. Then it was that Robert Blake was elected to be the representative of the burgesses of his native place.

The Parliament assembled on the 13th of April,

PARLIAMENT DISSOLVED.

but the temper manifested by the House of Commons was by no means agreeable to the king, and his chief ministers, Strafford and Laud. The members were unwilling to have anything to do with Scotland till English affairs were in a more satisfactory state. The odious proceedings of the Court of High Commission, and of the Star Chamber, had become too notorious to be passed over in silence, or treated indifferently, by the representatives of the people. In vain did the king urge the necessity of immediate subsidies, in vain did he offer to waive his claim to ship money, in vain did he promise that English grievances should be made the subject of inquiry. The House apprehended more danger from the unwarrantable encroachments on public liberty, than from the opposition of the Scots to an arbitrary and unjustifiable endeavour to change their established form of Divine worship. John Pym, the eloquent colleague of the patriotic Hampden, was the leading member, and at his instigation the House determined to investigate grievances before they voted supplies. The sequel is well known: on the 5th of May the Parliament was abruptly dissolved.

How Blake voted, and what he said, if indeed he took part in the debates, we are not told. That he neither did nor said anything to increase his popularity, may be inferred from the fact that, for the Parliament which met on the first of November—the celebrated Long Parliament—he lost his election.

Blake's next appearance in public life was as a

military commander. This was in 1642. He became captain of a troop of dragoons, which he himself raised for the purpose of supporting the Parliament, against which the king had commenced open hostilities. Whether Blake and others, who either as Royalists or Parliamentarians, had contemplated the probability of a civil war, and had prepared by military training for such a contingency, is to this day a question which remains to be decided. The mere fact of Blake enlisting himself on the popular side in so great and exciting a quarrel, is scarcely remarkable, when it is remembered how, at that eventful period, men of every rank, sect, or party, considered it to be incumbent on themselves to sacrifice their private interest to the public good. But to find him, at his mature age, conducting land sieges, and great naval battles, with the impetuous ardour of a youthful aspirant to fame, the determination of a veteran, and the skill of a consummate tactician, is one of the phenomena which the ablest historians are unable to explain.

In 1643, Bristol was besieged by the Royalists, under Prince Rupert, and the defence of the city was entrusted to Colonel Fiennes, who appointed Captain Blake to defend a small fort on the lines.

The Royalists were victorious. On the 30th of July the city capitulated, and Fiennes withdrew his troops. Blake received no intelligence, no instructions, from his colonel; he therefore continued his resistance to the Royalists, which so exasperated

APPOINTED LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.

Prince Rupert, that he expressed his determination that, when the fort was taken, Blake should be hanged. At length, Blake's friends contrived to let him know how matters stood, and with reluctance he surrendered the fortress which he had so gallantly held against superior forces flushed with victory. Blake's life was forfeited according to the usages of war, and the determination of the victor; but it was spared through the intercession of influential friends, who pleaded his inexperience in military affairs.

Blake was now a tried man, and his services were appreciated by his party. He was appointed lieutenant-colonel of Colonel Popham's regiment of foot, garrisoned at Lyme, in Somersetshire. His conduct was so highly satisfactory to the Colonel, who was the parliamentary governor of the town, that when Prince Maurice and Goring attacked the castle, he delegated to him the sole management of its defence. The issue proved that he had not over-rated Blake's military capabilities. The besiegers were repeatedly repulsed, their attempts to storm the fortress were baffled, their numbers were reduced by the offensive sorties of the besieged, and finally they withdrew their forces.

The next exploit in which Blake signalised himself was the capture of Taunton. Sir Robert Pye assisted him in surprising the town. This was a considerable acquisition to the Parliament; for to say nothing of the six cannon, and considerable ammunition stores,

the Royalists at that time held all the important places in the west of England.

Cromwell had extraordinary tact in placing "the right man in the right place." Blake was appointed governor of Taunton, in 1644, and he soon, as no doubt was anticipated, had opportunity for displaying his fitness for so responsible a position. The Earl of Essex, being closely pressed in Cornwall by the Royalists under the king, contrived to send off his cavalry in charge of Sir William Balfour; he then abandoned the infantry to the command of Major-general Skippon, and embarked at Plymouth for London. On the 2nd of September, the troops under Skippon were compelled to lay down their arms, and to surrender a large quantity of ammunition. The men were permitted to march to the parliamentary quarters.

The Royalists were again, in one sense, masters of the whole of the west of England, Taunton excepted, for there alone was any systematic resistance offered. They abused their advantage by exercising relentless cruelty on every one who did not declare enthusiastically in favor of their royal master. Sir Francis Doddington met a clergyman, and exclaimed, "Who art thou for, Priest?" "For God and his Gospel!" was the reply: and this being deemed a sufficient declaration for the Parliament, Sir Francis shot the unfortunate gentleman dead on the spot.

Atrocities such as this were by no means uncommon; but Blake was most energetic in preventing

THE ROYALISTS DEFEATED.

them not only in Taunton, but also in the surrounding country. On one occasion, a force of about three thousand men was seen approaching the town. This was enough for Blake; he sent out a reliable opposing force, and the Royalists were defeated with great slaughter, and several officers of rank were captured.

These decisive measures on the part of Blake induced the Royalists to make a vigorous effort to drive him from his post. A force of ten thousand men was sent against Taunton. Part of the town was taken, the defences were not strong, and the supply of ammunition was scant. Blake resolved to defend the castle and the remainder of the town, under all circumstances.

His want of ammunition and the very small supply of provision he had for the garrison, were known to the enemy; who, therefore, peremptorily demanded immediate surrender on pain of fire and sword. This summons was treated with defiant contempt, although it was conveyed to him by one who had in less troublous times been his intimate friend, Colonel Wyndham, the royalist governor of Bridgewater. Finding menaces unavailing, the besiegers next tried persuasion. Wyndham, aware of the merciful disposition of the governor of Taunton, urged him to surrender, and thus spare an unnecessary effusion of the blood of his countrymen and fellow-Christians.

Wearied at length by alternate threats and entreaties Blake made the following unequivocal reply :

“These are to let you know that, as we neither fear your menaces nor accept your proffers, so we wish you for the time to come to desist from all overtures of the like nature to us, who are resolved to the last drop of our blood to maintain the quarrel we have undertaken; and doubt not that the same God who has hitherto protected us, will ere long bless us with an issue answerable to the justice of our cause. However, to Him alone we shall stand or fall.”

The Parliament contrived to send a supply of provisions to the garrison, by means of an adventurous band of troops, who broke through the ranks of the besiegers. Blake's chief difficulty, at this juncture, was want of men. Still he resolved to defend his position to the uttermost.

Having devastated those parts of the town which were not protected by the castle, the Royalists imagined that Blake, whose ammunition and provisions were nearly exhausted, and who had not succeeded in obtaining reinforcements, would surrender. Accordingly, he was in due form summoned to surrender. He replied laconically that he would eat his boots first. His well-known character in private life, his sagacity, bravery, and humanity as a military governor, and his firmness in restraining undue violence on the part of his men, gained the majority of the townsfolk over to the Parliamentary side. By their aid, the difficulties by which he was beset were materially lessened. Barricades were

DEFENCE OF TAUNTON.

raised with all sorts of material, and every advantage gained by the besiegers was gained dearly.

Generals Fairfax and Skippon were marching to the relief of Taunton at the very time that Prince Rupert and Lord Goring were hastening to the assistance of Sir Richard Grenville, the royalist general who conducted the siege. Before the royalist auxiliaries could render material assistance to their colleagues, they were called off to assist the king, at Oxford; thither also Fairfax and Skippon were directed to proceed, instead of going to Taunton; but they sent detachments of troops under command of Colonel Wheldon and Colonel Greaves, to unite with Blake in repelling the besiegers. The arrival of these auxiliaries encouraged Blake, and so determined was the defence, that Grenville was obliged to raise the siege on the 11th of May, 1645. In this siege a thousand men of the royalist army were slain, and an immense number were wounded. Blake's gallantry raised him greatly in the estimation of the Parliament. A letter of thanks was voted to him, and it was accompanied with a more substantial acknowledgment of his services, a present of five hundred pounds. The sum of two thousand pounds was also voted for distribution amongst his valiant garrison.

A subscription was opened for re-building those parts of the town which had been destroyed by the Royalists; but the inhabitants were not to enjoy the blessings of peace so soon as they expected. Sir Richard Grenville having been reinforced by Lord

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Goring and Colonel Berkeley, returned to the scene of his recent repulse. Blake and Weldon were ready for them, and gave them a warmer reception than they liked. Weldon, not content with defensive operations, made vigorous and generally-successful sallies on the besiegers. On one occasion, he and his troops were nearly surrounded by the Royalists; no sooner, however, did Blake ascertain his imminent danger, than at the head of two troops of horse, he hastened to the rescue. Fierce was the charge and brilliant the victory.

Great was the excitement amongst the Parliamentarians throughout the country, when intelligence was received of the renewed siege of Taunton. The committee of Kent volunteered to supply two troops of dragoons and two companies of infantry; the corporation of London granted four thousand pounds, and volunteered to raise and equip a thousand cavalry for the assistance of Blake.

In the meanwhile, Blake, who could not ascertain what efforts were being made to extricate him from his perilous position, bravely resolved not to yield, but to harrass the enemy, whom, under the circumstances, it would have been madness to engage.

Goring was sanguine of success. He well knew that the garrison was enduring great privations, and he wrote to the king to stand on the defensive for a few days, and then, having become master of Taunton, he would march to his succour. That letter was the means of changing the whole aspect of English

CHARACTER OF CHARLES.

affairs. It was intercepted by Fairfax, who at once saw his opportunity, and resolved to make the best of it by engaging the king in battle without delay.

The armies met in the vicinity of Naseby, in Northamptonshire, and there they fought one of the most memorable battles ever waged on English ground. That battle decided the fate of the king; the victory over him was decisive: but this was not the most disastrous of the results of the engagement.

Charles, whatever his virtues may have been, was like all his family, notorious for duplicity. Amongst the spoil which fell into the hands of the conquerors, was his private cabinet, which contained his papers and correspondence: these were, nine days after the battle, produced and read in the House of Commons. Their effect on the minds of the members no doubt contributed much to bring about the fatal result of the sanguinary conflict between the king and the parliament.

The thousand horse contributed by the city of London was entrusted to the command of Major-general Massey, who was speedily joined at Taunton by Fairfax, at the head of his victorious troops. Goring suffered a signal defeat; he was compelled to raise the siege; nineteen hundred prisoners and two thousand horse were captured by the Parliamentarians, and Blake, whose indomitable perseverance facilitated so considerably the victory of Naseby, remained governor of Taunton. His time was fully employed in restoring the town and recruiting his garrison.

ROBERT BLAKE.

His last great exploit on English ground was the capture of Dunster castle, which was garrisoned for the king by the Luttrell family. On the 25th of April, 1646, it surrendered, and Blake returned triumphantly to Taunton, where for nearly three years subsequently, he was not called upon to engage in the perils of warfare, or in the

“Clash of arguments, and jar of words,
Worse than the mortal brunt of rival swords,”

which political turmoil invariably involved.

There is hardly room for doubt that, had he desired it, Blake could have taken part in the important proceedings of his party during that exciting period which began when the field of Naseby was lost and won, and which ended so tragically on the memorable 30th of January, 1649. To a man of Blake's frank fearless temperament, the dissimulations and intriguing conduct of the king must have been particularly distasteful. Yet it is clear that he bore no personal animosity against his sovereign, for when popular clamour against the hapless monarch was at its height, the hero of Taunton did not hesitate to declare that he would as freely venture his life to serve the king, as he had ventured it to serve the Parliament.

When he subsequently subscribed to the Taunton petition to the House of Commons, against any further addresses to the king, he must have felt assured that negociation was futile with one so influenced by

CHARACTER OF CROMWELL.

evil counsel, so unscrupulous in equivocation and subterfuge, and so infatuated with exaggerated notions of the royal prerogative.

But it is no less clear that Cromwell was doubtful as to whether Blake would even tacitly sanction the revolutionary measures of the Parliament, much more the execution of the king. With consummate tact, he contrived to have Taunton garrison greatly reduced in number before the king's trial began. The order for the reduction of the garrison was accompanied by a parliamentary vote of thanks, and a present of five hundred pounds to the governor.

It is foreign to our purpose to attempt to examine the various opinions of able writers respecting the character of Cromwell. But adverting to the episode in the career of Blake, which we have just noticed, we are tempted to remark that it has often struck us that the historic page, even according to the most prejudiced royalists, and the highest churchmen, bears much internal evidence in favour of Cromwell. He must have been well aware that Blake, although opposed to monarchical tyranny and ecclesiastical persecution, was not disposed to resort to extreme measures for the subversion of church and state.

Whether Cromwell designedly appointed Blake to such duties as would hinder him from attending to state councils, or whether, from principle, Blake refrained from identifying himself with the Parliament in its legislative capacity, does not appear. But either way the tolerant spirit of Cromwell is manifest.

So long as a man kept himself quiet and did not meddle publicly with politics, he was not interfered with at Cromwell's instigation. There is abundant evidence to show that, during his Protectorate, moderate men of every sect and party could remain unmolested. There are also numerous circumstances which might be quoted to show that he was as ingenious in his endeavours to avert what he regarded as a threatened evil, as he was resolute in resorting to extreme measures when he believed that milder means would prove ineffective.

It is pretty generally believed that Cromwell gave the king every facility to escape from the country, when he saw that accommodation between the Parliament and him was hopeless. The flight from Hampton-court to the Hampshire coast is reasonably supposed to have been connived at by Cromwell.

Had Charles, in 1647, left England for a time, instead of retreating to the Isle of Wight, the issue of his troubles might have been very different from what it was. But this by the way: we feel justified in suggesting that personal regard for Blake probably induced Cromwell to order part of the forces at Taunton to be disbanded. He thus took it out of the governor's power to hinder by physical force proceedings which he knew were dissatisfactory to him. Blake appears to have readily acquiesced in Cromwell's plan. It may be that he was glad of a tangible excuse for not turning his sword again against his compatriots. He approved of the depo-

DEFEAT OF THE ROYALISTS.

sition, but not of the decapitation, of the king, although after that event had taken place, he evidently thought that a republican government would be advantageous to the country.

Within a fortnight of the king's death, Blake was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Navy. Shortly afterwards, he undertook the command of a squadron designed to pursue that portion of the royal fleet, which, under the command of the princes Rupert and Maurice, was sailing to Ireland, to the aid of the Marquis of Ormond, who was zealously supporting the cause of Charles II. whom he had proclaimed on the 19th of March. Blake reached Kinsale harbour in time to blockade the ships of the princes, and to prevent them from assisting Ormond in the siege of Dublin, which he commenced in June. The Parliament resolved on frustrating the endeavours of Ormond, by appointing Cromwell lord-lieutenant of Ireland. He lost no time in raising a force of twelve thousand men, with which he sailed from Milford Haven for Dublin, where he landed on the 16th of August, exactly a fortnight after Ormond had sustained a signal defeat, which obliged him to raise the siege.

Cromwell resolved to subjugate the country. On the 16th of September he took Drogheda by storm. The capture of Ross, Clonmell, and Cork, soon followed, and in October, he attacked Kinsale.

The princes now began to despair of being able to further the Royal cause, in Ireland; their crews were

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continually deserting them to join those of the blockading squadron, and they resolved therefore to make a desperate effort to extricate themselves from impending danger, by breaking through the blockade. They were so far successful as to escape with the loss of three ships, which were sunk by Blake. They set sail for Lisbon, arrived safely, and were cordially welcomed by Alphonso, king of Portugal.

The Royal fleet was pursued by Blake to the mouth of the Tagus, and, by order of the Parliament, he demanded of the Portuguese government the princes' ships, as belonging to the Commonwealth of England. This demand placed the Portuguese in a dilemma. Compliance would have been a violation of the principles of hospitality and honour; Charles I. had been their ally. Refusal was tantamount to a defiance of the English Parliament. They chose the more honorable course, and prepared for immediate action. They equipped thirteen ships, to join those of the princes', and resolved to attack the English anywhere between Capes Finnisterre and St. Vincent.

Blake, finding how matters stood, took his departure, but had not proceeded far before he was joined by a fleet, under command of Popham; this accession of strength enabled him to attack a richly-laden Portuguese fleet of twenty-three ships, bound from Brazil to Lisbon. The English burnt three of the ships, and captured twelve, with an immense cargo of sugar. They at once set sail with their rich prizes for England, as they were in want of

provisions. The Portuguese were glad of the opportunity to rid themselves of the Princes Rupert and Maurice, who with their fleet sailed for Carthagenæ. This movement came to Blake's knowledge, and having fallen in with the five transport ships which had been despatched to him with naval stores and provisions, he resolved to pursue the princes.

Arrived at Carthagenæ, he cast anchor before the fort: he requested the authorities either to give up to him the ships which had been brought into their port by the princes, or to allow him to capture them himself. Spain and England were at this time on friendly terms. The commandant of the fort was fearful of causing a rupture by refusing Blake's demands: at the same time his high sense of honour induced him to withhold his acquiescence until he received instructions from his government at Madrid.

Blake little thinking that his forbearance would be abused, was content to wait, and left the fort for a cruise. The princes took advantage of his departure to escape to Malaga, and there very unadvisedly attacked the English merchant vessels, destroying some and capturing others. No sooner did Blake hear of this, than he set sail for Malaga, and feeling much incensed at the conduct of the Royalists, he at once attacked their squadron, without making any sort of previous communication with the Spanish authorities. The Royalists were totally defeated; their fleet nearly destroyed, and the princes with difficulty escaped with only four or five ships. They

sailed to the West Indies, and maintained themselves by capturing English and Spanish merchant ships. In one of these piratical expeditions, Prince Maurice was cast away in a storm. Of the twenty-five vessels which were manned for Charles II. on the death of his father, only two or three remained. Prince Rupert turned them and his prizes to the best account by disposing of them to the French government.

Blake returned to England in February, 1651. He was honoured by a parliamentary vote of thanks, and the appointment of Warden of the Cinque Ports. In March, an Act was passed by which Blake was constituted one of the two admirals of the fleet for the ensuing year.

His appointment was no sinecure. The Dutch thought the English affairs were in such a state as to render the acquisition of the Scilly Islands by them a comparatively easy matter. These islands were held by Royalists, and the Dutch despatched their admiral, Van Tromp, with a powerful squadron, to conquer them, if he could not purchase them. This design was frustrated by Blake, who soon compelled the Royalists to surrender. The governor, Sir John Grenville, however, repaired to Guernsey, which was garrisoned by the Royalists, under Sir George Carrieret. The reduction of Guernsey was therefore the next public duty required of Blake. He arrived there in October; but so brave and determined was the defence, that it was not till January, 1652,

WAR WITH THE DUTCH.

that Carteret capitulated. He was treated by Blake with all the respect due to his heroism and honorable conduct.

Whilst Blake was with his squadron before Guernsey, he was appointed one of the Council of State for 1652.

Blake was materially assisted at Guernsey by Colonel Haynes, who commanded a strong body of troops. For their great services, both the admiral and the colonel were thanked by the House of Commons.

In the spring of 1652, there appeared to the Parliament so much reason to fear that war between England and the United Provinces would not be averted by diplomacy, that Blake was appointed sole admiral for nine months.

We dare not trust ourselves to notice, even briefly, the circumstances which led to the celebrated war with the Dutch. Suffice it to observe that national emulation had degenerated into national enmity. Both republics were preparing for war whilst they were negotiating alliance. It is almost impossible, from the conflicting accounts of English, as well as Dutch, historians, to decide which of the rival republics was most to blame, in commencing a conflict in which so much blood was shed, and from which so little beyond barren honour was likely to be gained.

There were, doubtlessly, provocations on both sides. Passing over the numerous incidents which

tended to widen the breach of friendship between the two nations, we may consider that the passing of the famous Navigation Act by the Parliament, in December, 1651, was deemed by the Dutch the culminating point of English offences; whilst, on the other hand, the appearance of a Dutch fleet in the British Channel, at the very time when Dutch ambassadors were in London negotiating for a friendly alliance, was quite sufficient to provoke hostilities.

The Dutch squadron anchored in the Dover roadsteads; it consisted of forty-five sail, and was under command of Van Tromp, who even at that time was famed throughout Europe as one of the most experienced and brave admirals. To Major Bourne, who was sent with a small squadron to ascertain the reason of such a demonstration, Van Tromp explained that his fleet was a merchantman convoy, and that stress of weather compelled him to anchor where he did. The English government was satisfied that Van Tromp's fleet was not a convoy, and that stress of weather did not compel him to anchor.

Admiral Blake was directed to form a squadron of such ships as were ready for action, and to sail without delay to the Downs. The Dutch version of the result is derived from Van Tromp's official despatch, which gives a directly contrary account to that received by English historians, on the authority of Blake's despatch. A scrupulous regard to truth was certainly not one of Van Tromp's prominent

VAN TROMP'S INSULT.

virtues; it was a distinguishing characteristic of Blake's.

According to Blake's letter, the Dutch, on the appearance of the English fleet, weighed anchor, and bore up in an apparently menacing manner, and without lowering their flag—a tribute of respect from foreign vessels always required by England in the narrow seas. Blake fired a single ball, to remind Van Tromp of his neglect of usual courtesy. As if in derision, the Dutch admiral fired a single gun on the contrary side. Blake took no notice of this paltry insult, but fired another gun; of this no notice was taken. A third time Blake fired a single gun, and to that Van Tromp replied by a broadside. The English admiral was not afraid of fighting; but he was unwilling to fight unnecessarily; he, therefore, instead of engaging at once, advanced with his own ship to the Dutch fleet, in order that an explanation might be entered into between himself and Van Tromp.

The Dutch admiral showed more willingness to fight than to negotiate, for as soon as Blake's ship was within gunshot, he poured a broadside into her. This insult aroused the indignation of Blake, who retaliated on Van Tromp with energetic promptitude. With his single ship he sustained the brunt of the first attack; but his other ships, and the eight under command of Major Bourne, soon came to his assistance, and a general fight ensued. It lasted for many hours. The Dutch appear to have lost two of their ships, and the English gained a decided advantage,

although the Dutch had so superior a fleet in point of magnitude.

This, Van Tromp's first battle with the English, took place, May 16th, 1652.

One of Blake's maxims was,—“It is our duty, under all circumstances, to prevent the foreigners from fooling us,” and no doubt this sentiment influenced his conduct with regard to Van Tromp's weather-bound “convoy.” It was known in England that, pending negotiations for alliance, the Dutch had been equipping for war a fleet of a hundred and fifty sail. This circumstance, taken in connexion with Van Tromp's unjustifiable conduct, so incensed the public mind in England, that the government granted the Dutch diplomatists in London a guard to protect them from the violence of the people.

The United States' government probably foreseeing that England was not to be intimidated, and that a war would not redound to the honour, or contribute to the prosperity of their Republic, adroitly attributed the engagement of the 19th of May, to accident and misconception on both sides. They sent over other ambassadors in lieu of those who on the 30th of June returned to Holland, irritated at the result of their visit to the English capital.

Their successors failed in their mission, which, although ostensibly for peace, was probably, in reality, an expedient on the part of the Dutch Republic to gain time for preparation to carry on the war on a more extensive scale. The embassy was recalled, and



BLAKE DECLINES TO DESTROY THE FISH - THE FOOD OF THE POOR.

DAY OF FAST AND HUMILIATION.

a manifesto issued, the burden of which was that the English had without provocation attacked the Dutch fleet, and repelled all advances towards conciliation. On the other hand, the English manifesto set forth the accumulated grievances of thirty years, to which the disregard of the right of the English flag was an unendurable climax. The Dutch government pleaded that although their Republic had in its infancy complimented the Royal dignity of England, by striking its flag, it did not consider that, in its existing plentitude of dignity, it was called upon to bestow such an honour on the English Commonwealth. It was not likely that such a plea would avail with men so jealous of maintaining the honour of England, as were Cromwell and his associates in the government.

Both Republics made active preparation for renewed action. The Dutch fleet was augmented to seventy sail, and the English made a vigorous effort to resist it. Cromwell and Bond went to Dover, to consult with Blake, who in about a month considered his force sufficient to encounter the enemy. He proclaimed a solemn fast and day of humiliation, which was, accordingly, observed by officers and men.

The rival fleets did not come in contact so soon as Blake expected, and probably desired. He therefore did all he could to hinder the Dutch trade. Sailing northward, with a powerful squadron, he fell in with the enemy's herring-convoy—thirteen ships of war—all of which he captured. Of the fishing vessels, he claimed only the customary English toll,—every tenth

herring; and neither captured nor destroyed the vessels nor their freight. With his characteristic humanity, he declared that he would not subject thousands of his fellow-creatures to distress and hunger by wasting so much food.

He returned with his prizes and nine hundred prisoners, and on the 12th of August he reached the Downs, where his fleet was considerably augmented.

He set sail for Holland, and on his passage, captured a French squadron of war, which he carried into Dover. By this movement, Dunkirk, to the relief of which the French ships were sailing, was taken by the Spaniards.

On the 16th of August, there was a naval encounter near Plymouth, between the English under Sir George Ayscough, and the Dutch under De Ruyter. The advantage was not great on either side. Shortly afterwards, the English fleet in the Mediterranean was defeated by the Dutch, under Admiral Von Gallen, who, however, never told of his victory, he was killed in the fight. If his victory occasioned joy to his countrymen at home, that joy must have been brief; for on the 28th of September, their fleet suffered a signal defeat. Blake, having but three of his ships with him, descried ahead the main force of the Dutch fleet off the Kentish coast. Vice-admiral Penn's squadron was considerably astern, yet it was nearly two leagues in advance of the English main fleet. But Blake cheered on his men, and determinately bore down upon the enemy. His colleagues,

RETREAT OF THE DUTCH.

Penn and Monk, united their squadrons with his as speedily as possible, and a terrible engagement ensued. Night put a stop to the conflict. The English had not lost one ship, and they had lost but few men. The Dutch losses were great. Their rear-admiral was captured, three of their ships were lost, and besides the killed, they had two thousand wounded. The next morning, Blake wanted to renew the fight, but the Dutch had had enough for that time, and they made all sail for their own coast. They reached Goree, and there landed their wounded.

The popular dissatisfaction with Van Tromp was the reason of his having been superseded by the admirals, who, now in their turn, had, after a defeat by a foreign enemy, to bear the brunt of their country's excitement. De Witte had long been unpopular as a politician, and his defeat increased his unpopularity tenfold. In vain he urged that his officers had, either from cowardice or disaffection, not done their duty. His return to Flushing was the signal for a popular riot, and the unfortunate admiral was, from intense excitement, so seriously ill that he was obliged to take to his bed. Admiral De Ruyter wished to resign his commission, but he was not permitted to do so. A commission was appointed to inquire into the conduct of the subordinate officers; and eventually Van Tromp was prevailed upon to resume the command of the fleet.

In the following November, he appeared with eighty men-of-war in the Downs, as near as possible

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in the position which he occupied on his first encounter with Blake. That Van Tromp was of a very satirical disposition, may be inferred from various incidents in his naval career. His choice of position was no doubt intended as an insulting defiance of Blake. He was anxious to provoke an engagement, that he might retrieve his reputation. Great had been the efforts of the United Provinces to equip an efficient fleet, and great were the expectations of its success.

Blake's fleet at this time consisted of only forty sail, and was not well manned. He called a council of war, and the decision was that, disadvantages notwithstanding, the Dutch fleet should be immediately engaged. Blake thought it unwise to bring his whole fleet into action; so, having efficiently manned a few ships, he prepared to attack Van Tromp early in the morning of the 29th, the day after he had held the council of war.

About noon the action commenced, and, as usual, lasted till night. It was perhaps fortunate for Blake that a change of wind had prevented him from making the attack earlier in the day. Had he done so, his small but gallant fleet might have been annihilated. As it was, he lost six ships; his own, the "Triumph," was twice boarded by the enemy; and had it not been for the daring bravery with which the crews of the "Samphire" and the "Vanguard" came to the rescue, he himself might have been captured. He availed himself of the darkness of the

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night to retreat to the Thames, and thus to foil the design of Van Tromp to destroy his shattered fleet by fire-ships the next day.

Blake had been defeated, but he was still undaunted and desirous of another trial of skill and strength with his formidable rival.

Van Tromp's victory was dearly bought. One of his flag-ships was blown up. His own ship, and that of his vice-admiral, De Ruyter, were disabled, and many other ships were materially damaged. Still he gained a victory, which tempted him to indecorous, and as will shortly appear, premature elation. Affixing a broom to the topmast-head of his ship, to signify his intention to sweep the English navy from the ocean, he sailed triumphantly through the Channel.

The rejoicings in the United Provinces were ecstatic. The Republic gravely entertained the idea of capturing all the West Indian possessions of the English. Its naval force was recruited. Van Tromp, De Ruyter, and De Witte, were all again popular; and another opportunity of encountering the English was eagerly desired by those vain-glorious admirals.

The English Parliament made amends for its late supineness. Blake requested that Monk and Deane might be united with him in his renewed commission. His request was granted, and every facility was afforded for the equipment of a strong fleet. In about two months, eighty men-of-war were ready for service. The English admirals hastened to encounter

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the Dutch ; they sailed with their whole fleet, and on the 13th of February, 1653, fell in with Van Tromp, who was returning from the Isle of Rhé, with a fleet of seventy war-ships, having under convoy three hundred merchantmen.

Blake engaged the enemy off Portland ; he led the attack in the "Triumph," which received about seven hundred shots in her hull. Had she not been relieved by the "Fairfax," under command of Captain Lawson, she would probably have been sunk. Blake was seriously wounded in the thigh, his secretary was killed, as was also his captain, a veteran who had often distinguished himself by his daring bravery. At night the battle ceased, and the Dutch retreated, having lost six men-of war.

On the following day, February 19th, Blake, having sent his disabled hands ashore, pursued the Dutch fleet, and again attacked it. He had compensated for his loss of hands by taking on board regiments of regular troops. The expedient was so successful that, by some, it is supposed to have led to the establishment of that serviceable force since designated "Marines." Furiously the English pursued the enemy, and furiously the enemy fought, although still fugitive. On the 20th, Blake renewed the chase, and desperate were the encounters of the valiant foes. Having pursued the Dutch fleet as far as the Calais sands, Blake retired from the contest.

During the three days, he had lost but one ship ; the Dutch lost eleven men-of-war and thirty mer-

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chantmen. The number of killed and wounded was about the same on each side. Some idea of the sanguinary character of the conflict may be formed from the fact, that the Dutch, according to their own account, lost fifteen hundred men.

The Parliament had taken strong measures to augment their naval force. They had required the return home of all English seamen, within forty days from a given date; even such as were in India were required to return within a twelvemonth. They also enacted that all English artizans found engaged in an enemy's ship, should, without mercy, be thrown overboard.

The result was that the fleet was soon greatly increased and ably manned. The English admirals now assumed the offensive. Towards the end of April, they, with a fleet of a hundred sail, attacked the Dutch fleet on its own coast; they captured fifty doggers, and drove the main fleet, consisting of seventy men-of-war, into the Texel. Then they steered northward in search of Van Tromp, who, with a squadron, having under convoy a valuable fleet of merchantmen, had sailed round Scotland, to avoid encountering them in the Channel. He dexterously eluded the pursuing fleet, and brought the merchantmen safely into port. The exploit was worthy of his unquestionable ability; but the necessity for having recourse to it must have been galling to his pride and humiliating to his countrymen; who but a few months since boasted such mighty things!

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The Dutch navy was again recruited, and again Van Tromp set sail with a fleet prepared for offensive warfare; it consisted of a hundred and twenty ships. On the 3rd of June, the squadrons of Monk and Deane engaged this powerful force off the North Foreland. A cannon ball from the first broadside of the enemy killed Admiral Deane. This was a great loss to the English, who, nevertheless, maintained the conflict for six hours. When, at night, the Dutch retired, either side might have claimed the victory; but the arrival of Blake with his squadron on the following day, secured to the English fleet a brilliant and decisive victory. They lost not a single ship; the Dutch had six of theirs sunk, and eleven captured; six of their captains were taken prisoners, and nearly fourteen hundred of their men; their loss in killed and wounded was terrific, and their vanquished fleet was pursued even into its own harbours by the triumphant English, whose killed and wounded were within a hundred and sixty!

Thus, on the 4th of June, 1653, ended Admiral Blake's last battle with the Dutch; whose three famous admirals, Van Tromp, De Ruyter, and De Witte, were again doomed to experience the hollowness of popular applause. The discontent of their countrymen was as unreasonable as a short time before their exultation was extravagant.

On account of ill-health, Blake returned to England as soon as the victory was won, leaving Monk in command of the fleet. Worthily did Monk dis-

DEATH OF VAN TROMP.

charge the trust reposed in him. On the 29th of July, he led his ships to the Dutch coast, and commenced a battle, which lasted until the 31st. Van Tromp was killed, and the English attained a decisive though dearly-purchased victory. It was the last engagement between the naval forces of England and the United Provinces, until after the Restoration.

Although Blake was not engaged in this memorable battle, so materially had he contributed to its result, that the Parliament presented him the same mark of approbation as was bestowed by them on the admirals engaged in it,—a massive gold chain.

Although the state of Blake's health was such that he could not participate in the active duties of warfare, he did not rest from the public service. He was one of the hundred and fifty-six persons whom Cromwell, on the 18th of June, 1653, summoned by letter to meet at Whitehall, on the 4th of the following July, to form themselves into an administrative assembly. His selection was made chiefly by the recommendation of the Congregational churches.

It will be remembered, that when on the appointed day Cromwell met the assembly in the council-chamber, he told the members that they had a clear "call" to take upon themselves, as a body, the supreme authority of the Commonwealth; and he also assured them that he had not chosen one person in whom he had not this good hope: "That he had faith in Jesus Christ, and love to all saints." This was Cromwell's "Little Parliament," called by some the "Bare-

bones Parliament," by others the "Mock Parliament," and by others again the "Godly Parliament." This last designation it obtained either from the real or presumed character of its members, or from its celebrated resolution that no person should be admitted to any office or place in government, unless the Parliament was satisfied of his real godliness.

Blake was, apparently, one of the few absentees from the "Godly Parliament" at its opening. Ill-health was probably the cause of his not undertaking the fatigue of a journey to London. When, in October, he took his seat in the House, he was "solemnly thanked" for his eminent services to his country.

It does not appear that Blake ever, as a political representative, took part in discussions or councils on any subject, except such as pertained to his adopted profession.

On the 12th of December, the Parliament virtually dissolved itself, and four days afterwards, "The Instrument" was read with much formality and ceremony, and Oliver Cromwell accepted the semi-regal title of "Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland," with the attributive designation of "Highness." By the "Instrument" it was stipulated that the Lord Protector's first Parliament should meet on the 3rd day of September next ensuing.

The government of the United Provinces ardently desired peace. Popular discontent at the profitless

PEACE WITH THE DUTCH.

nature of the war, of its enormous expense, and its hindrance to trade, was seriously increased by the disastrous issues of every recent engagement. Negotiations for peace were opened soon after the death of Van Tromp; but it was not till the 4th of March, 1654, that the Dutch ambassadors were admitted to an audience of the Protector, at Whitehall.

They then respectfully informed him that all the Provinces had consented to the articles of peace, and desired a cessation of arms. On the 29th, the ambassadors dined in state with the Protector; and on the 5th of April, they presented to him, in a silver casket, the ratification of peace. They consented to pay £300,000 compensation for the Amboyna affair; to cede the island of Pomeron (in the East Indies); to strike their flag to the English ships; and, in short, to yield every point for which they had so obstinately contended.

It is supposed that Cromwell, satisfied with having compelled them to agree to a treaty so highly honorable to England, was not rigid in exacting the precise fulfilment of every stipulation.

The Parliament assembled on the appointed day. Blake was the member for his native town. He had, however, but little opportunity of attending to parliamentary affairs: for in the following month, November, he was sent, with a large fleet, to repress the piratical proceedings of the Barbary States.

Whilst on his passage to Algiers, he caused many of the Sallee rovers to liberate, without ransom, their

English prisoners. He reached Algiers on the 10th of March, and having concluded a satisfactory negotiation with the Dey, he set sail for Tunis. The Bey was so far from wishing to negotiate, that he would not even treat the English admiral with civility, nor allow him to take a supply of fresh water. Of course Blake threatened to attack the town. The Bey's reply was, "Here are our castles of Goletto and Porto Ferino; do your worst! Do you think that we fear your fleet?"

Blake pretty soon let the bragging Bey know what he thought. He bore away with his most efficient ships into Porto Ferino, without firing a gun, until he was within musket-shot of the castle and the coast-line fortifications. He then opened fire with such effect that in about two hours the castle was no longer a fortress, and the guns on the line of fortification were nearly all silenced; although no fewer than sixty of them had, at one time, played on the English fleet.

There were nine Tunisian vessels lying in the harbour; Blake doomed them to destruction, and accordingly, he ordered all his captains to proceed with picked crews in the long boats, to effect his purpose. The assailants were so successfully covered from the fire of the enemy, by the cannon of the fleet playing continually on the castle, that their commission was promptly executed.

The admiral lost but twenty-five men in this daring

CLARENDON'S OPINION OF BLAKE.

and successful assault. This gallant action was unprecedented in naval warfare,

“All the World wonder'd,”

and Blake's very name spread terror amongst England's foes. He inaugurated a new system of naval tactics.

Lord Clarendon, whose predelictions were certainly not favorable to any of Cromwell's officers, says that Blake “was the first man who declined the old track, and made it manifest that the science might be attained in less time than was imagined, and despised those rules which had been long in practice, to keep his men and ship out of danger; which had been held, in former times, a point of great ability and circumspection: as if the principal art requisite in the captain of a ship had been to be sure to come safe home again. He was the first man who brought the ships to condemn castles, on shore, which had been thought ever very formidable, and were discovered by him to make a noise only, and to fright those who could rarely be hurt by them. He was the first that infused that proportion of courage into the seamen, by making them see, by experience, what mighty things they could do, if they resolved, and taught them to fight in fire as well as upon water; and though he hath been very well imitated and followed, he was the first that gave the example of that kind of naval courage, and bold and resolute achievements.”

The Bey of Tripoli, warned by the fate of Tunis, agreed with his adversary quickly. When Blake returned to Tunis, he had no reason to complain of not being treated with the honour due to his flag and to his fame.

Having obtained the desired concessions from Mahommedan potentates, Blake determined that the Christian states, from which British subjects had sustained losses and suffered insults, should make ample amends. He dictated terms, sword in hand. Conscious of power, he took care that England's foes should feel it. From the Duchy of Tuscany he demanded compensation to the extent of sixty thousand pounds. The martial knights of Malta were likewise compelled to submit to the terms which the English admiral felt justified in specifying. Sixteen ships were sent by Blake to England, laden with the rich spoils of the Mediterranean expedition. Thus did those who had injured or insulted the English, during their country's troubles, pay smartly for their ill-timed oppression.

On his homeward-bound voyage, Blake sailed with his fleet to the port of Cadiz. His fame had preceded him. The captains of foreign vessels vied with each other in shewing him respect. In some instances, the obsequious manner in which he was honoured must have amused him, for he appears to have had a keen sense of the ludicrous.

An anecdote is related by Bishop Burnet, in his *History of His Own Times*, which well illustrates the

MANNER OF AVENGING INSULT.

servile manner in which Blake's name was feared by foreigners at this time: the anecdote is as follows:

“While Blake lay in the road of Malaga, before the war broke out with Spain, some of his seamen, going ashore, met the Host carrying about, and not only paid no respect to it, but laughed at those who did. One of the Spanish priests put the people upon resenting this indignity; and they fell upon them and beat them severely. When they returned to their ships, they complained of this usage; upon which Blake sent a trumpet to the Viceroy, to demand the priest, who was the chief instrument in that ill-usage. The Viceroy answered that he had no authority over the priests, and so could not dispose of them. Blake, upon that, sent him word, that he would not inquire who had the power to send the priest to him; but if he were not sent within three hours, he would burn their town. The Spaniards, hearing this, obliged the Viceroy to send the priest to Blake; and he justified himself on the petulant behaviour of the seamen. Blake answered that if he had sent a complaint to him of it, he would have punished them severely, since he would not suffer his men to affront the established religion of any place at which he touched: but he took it ill that he had set the Spaniards on to do it: ‘for he would have him and the whole world to know that none but an Englishman should chastise an Englishman.’ He then treated the priest civilly, and sent him back, being satisfied that he had him in his power. Cromwell was much delighted with

this, and read the letter in Council with great satisfaction, saying, that he hoped he should make the name of an Englishman as great as ever that of a Roman had been."

Our limited space warns us that we must not digress to notice, even briefly, the circumstances which gave occasion to the Cromwellian Spanish war. Suffice it to remind our readers that, on the 16th of February, 1656, Spain declared war against England, and commenced it by the confiscation of all the English property in Spain. A desultory warfare ensued. Blake was so indefatigable in his endeavours to weaken the maritime power of Spain, that his health suffered from his arduous duties. He represented his case, and proposed that in commission with himself might be united a colleague, who, in the event of his serious indisposition, or death, would be qualified to take his post. Accordingly Admiral Montague was sent to him as a colleague, and in command of a considerable squadron, as a reinforcement of the fleet. Thus aided, Blake sailed for Cadiz, where he continued for several months to blockade the Spanish fleet, and to harrass the shipping trade.

Their supply of water and other requisites was, from their long stay, nearly exhausted. Blake therefore left one of his officers, Captain Stayner, with a small squadron, to cruise near Cadiz, whilst he himself went with the main fleet to Portugal for the supplies.

Captain Stayner immortalized his fame by the

ATTACK ON THE PLATE FLEET.

capture of the homeward-bound Spanish galleons, with enormous treasure, including two millions of dollars. This was in September, 1656.

Blake, although suffering from ill-health, remained in the Mediterranean, whilst his colleague, Montague, conveyed the Spanish prisoners and prizes to England. Several months were again passed much in the same manner as those preceding the glorious capture of the Plate fleet.

At length, in April, 1657, Blake was informed that another Plate fleet had put into port at Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe.

On the 20th, Blake, with twenty-five men-of-war, appeared in the offing of Santa Cruz. The Spaniards had anticipated his unwelcome visit, and made such preparations as would have daunted many a brave veteran admiral, even though he were of British birth. But Blake was no ordinary warrior. He took a general survey of the enemy's position. He saw six formidable galleons and ten smaller ships moored close to the shore, with their threatening broadsides seaward. He saw that the ships were well defended by a strong castle, furnished with heavy ordnance. He saw that seven additional forts had been erected, so contrived, that they formed but the stations of an unbroken line of communication, defended by musceteers. He saw that each of the seven forts mounted from three to six guns. All these obstacles he saw; and he saw that the Spanish admiral was neither deficient in courage nor in skill. But he came to

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attack him, and for that attack he had made due preparations.

The Spaniards evidently did not think that the English would hazard an engagement. A Dutch captain of a merchantman, lying in the harbour, thought differently, and to protect himself, he requested the Spanish commander to grant him permission to take his departure. Thus, with a bland smile at the Dutchman's caution, was the request granted: "Get you gone if you like; and let Blake come, if he dare!" The self-complacent speaker soon found that the captain liked to go,—and that Blake dared to come.

The Spanish crews were greatly in excess of those of the English. But Blake was resolute. The onset was led by a squadron commanded by the heroic Captain Stayner. After directing another squadron to engage the attention of the castle and land fortifications, Blake united his ships with those of Captain Stayner.

Furious was the fight, and fortune favoured the few. After a few hours, two of the Spanish ships sank, and all the others were captured by the English.

The direction of the wind at the time when the Spaniards were driven from their ships, was such that Blake could not get his prizes out of the bay. To wait for a change of wind, would have been very hazardous; the English therefore fired each vessel, and entirely destroyed it. Not one Spanish ship

HIS DEATH AND FUNERAL.

escaped; not one English ship was lost. The loss of the English in killed and wounded was about two hundred; the loss on the other side must have been fearful.

When Cromwell heard of the brilliant victory of Santa Cruz, he sent his secretary to inform the Parliament. They directed that there should be a public thanksgiving; they voted that a diamond ring, of the value of five hundred pounds, should be presented to Admiral Blake, who was instructed to convey the thanks of the House to all his officers and men. They also voted to the captain who brought home the news, a present of a hundred pounds.

After cruising for a considerable time off Cadiz, he set sail for England. But anxious as he was to do so, he was never again to see his native land. On the 17th of August, 1657, he died on board the *St. George*, just as the fleet reached Plymouth Sound.

His body was sent round with the fleet to the Downs, whence it was conveyed to Greenwich. After lying there in state till September 4th, it was conveyed, in solemnly grand procession, by water, to Westminster; it was, on being landed, conveyed with military honours to the Abbey, and interred in a vault built specially for the purpose, in Henry the Seventh's chapel.

His obsequies, from first to last, were conducted with all the honours which a great and grateful nation could bestow on one of her most illustrious sons.

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At the Restoration, his remains were exhumed, and re-interred in the church-yard of St. Margaret's. This pitiable spite was deprecated at the time, and by Royalists too.

Admiral Blake cannot be regarded as the man of a sect or of a party. He dearly loved his country. His patriotism was the mainspring of his greatness. It was paramount to every consideration of self. That he did not regard the faithless and unfortunate Charles I. as a holy and blessed martyr, is as evident as that he did not regard Cromwell as a ruthless and bloodthirsty barbarian.

It appears to us that Blake in acquiescing in Cromwell's promotion, and in resolving to support him, acted not from self-interest, or from personal friendship, but simply from patriotism. Cromwell was the man to make England respected by the world; and if Blake were ambitious, it was to render his country great, glorious, and free. If he were proud, it was that he was an Englishman. All his conduct shows that he felt—

“’Tis a glorious charter,—deny it who can,—

That is breathed in the words—I'M AN ENGLISHMAN.”

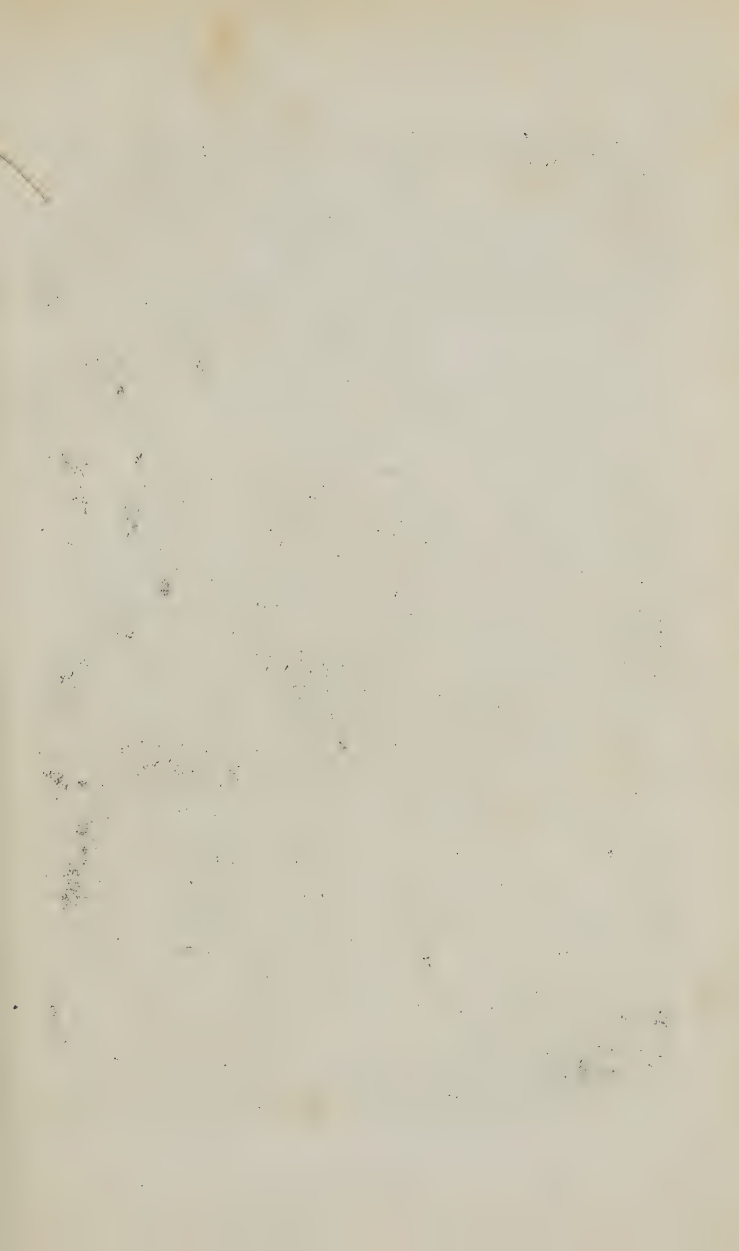
He strove by precept, but still more by example, to stimulate the same sentiment in his officers and men. He seemed to regard the term “Englishman,” as synonymous with all that is virtuous in man. Even two centuries since, when party grievances were too recent to be calmly considered, the memory of

CONCLUSION.

Blake was respected by those who could not conscientiously revere it. Now that party prejudice and sectarian bigotry have yielded to the tolerant spirit of the age, none of the illustrious unforgotten dead is more universally regarded with admiration than the redoubtable Republican Admiral, ROBERT BLAKE.

“ ENGLAND! I love thee,—and with pride I see
My dear, my native land, so great, so free:
Then can I fail to venerate also
Those who have helped to make and keep thee so,
Those willing instruments by God ordained
To see thy freedom and thy right maintained?
No! whate’er his politics or creed may be.
I love the Man who proves his love for thee.”







SIR WALTER RALEIGH WRITING ON THE WINDOW.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

THE AMBITIOUS COURTIER.

“Raleigh! the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero, burn’d;
Nor sunk his vigour when a coward reign
The warrior fetter’d, and at last resign’d,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish’d foe.
Then active still, and unrestrain’d his mind,
Explored the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison hours enriched the world;
Yet found no times in all his long research,
So glorious or so base as those he proved
In which he conquer’d, and in which he bled.”

THOMPSON.

THE parish of East Budleigh, in North Devon, is situate near to the mouth of the river Otter, and fourteen miles east of the ancient city of Exeter. It has but one object of interest, but that one is sufficient to redeem it from the partial oblivion into which it is commonly cast by the compilers of gazetteers. It contains the farm of which Walter Raleigh, Esq. the father of the celebrated knight of the same name, had the remainder of an eighty

year's lease. The house has undergone many alterations during the last three centuries, and it now presents but very few particularly striking characteristics of its high antiquity. A table, clumsily carved on its sides and legs, is the only piece of furniture in it which appears to date from the Elizabethan period. Tradition, however, that garrulous and oft-times intelligent old gossip, points out the very room in which, in the year 1552, Sir Walter Raleigh was born. In vain you ask for historical evidence of her accuracy: she has none to give, so you must take her word for it, or content yourself with the well authenticated fact that our hero was born in that very house, if not in that very room.

The parish register of East Budleigh is one of the oldest in England; it is in excellent preservation, but, unfortunately for the antiquarian, its earliest entry pertains to 1555, three years subsequent to the birth of Raleigh. We are not aware that a more definite date than the year 1552 can be given for his birth. But as for three hundred years no great inconvenience has been felt from the circumstance, it will not seriously affect us, or lovers of biography in future generations.

We observed that East Budleigh has but one object of historical interest. This is not quite correct; it has two, at the least. The second is the oaken pew which belonged to the Raleigh family; it is in the parish church of All Saints, and still belongs to Hayes Farm, now the property of Lord Rolle.

THE RALEIGH FAMILY.

The exterior of the pew is ornamented by ancient carved work, among which are the arms of Sir Walter's grandfather, Wymond Raleigh, quartering those of his wife, Jane, daughter of Sir Thomas Grenville, knight. The date, "1534," appears on an adjoining panel.

Sir Walter's mother was his father's third wife; her name was Catherine, and she was the daughter of Sir Philip Champernoun, of Modbury.

The Raleigh family was an ancient one, and the name has been, and still is, variously pronounced, and still more variously written. The oldest form of its orthography is, perhaps, Rale; the most modern, and the one now usually adopted, is Raleigh; the intermediate forms being Ralega, Ralegh, and Rauleigh. Sir Walter spelt it Ralegh, and Rauleigh appears to represent the most general pronunciation of the name at the present period.

When Raleigh was about sixteen years of age, he entered the university of Oxford. He remained there but three years, and during that time he was a commoner both at Oriel and Christ Church.

Whilst he was at Oxford, it happened that one of his fellow-students, who was a great coward, but a very good archer, received an insult. He told Raleigh the particulars, and asked how he should resent it. Raleigh's answer was, "Challenge him to a match of shooting."

About the year 1570, his maternal uncle, Henry Champernoun, received royal permission to raise a

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

troop of a hundred gentlemen volunteers, to aid the Huguenots in France. Young Raleigh gladly availed himself of the opportunity to engage in military enterprise; and, as Hooker says, he spent in France "a good part of his youth in wars and military services." He remained in France about five years. He was, therefore, there on the memorable night of St. Bartholomew's. He and Sir Philip Sidney are supposed to have escaped through the influence of Sir Francis Walsingham, who was then the English ambassador at Paris, and in whose house they took refuge.

According to some of his biographers, he became, on his return to England, in 1575, a student in the Middle Temple. It is certain that he soon relinquished his studies, if indeed he ever studied for the law. In 1577, Queen Elizabeth entered into an alliance with the States of Holland, and agreed to assist them with money and men. The English auxiliary was under the command of Sir John Norreys, and Raleigh served under him in the Netherlands for about a year.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert was Raleigh's half-brother, and thirteen years his senior. He obtained, in 1578, a patent from the queen to take possession of all unappropriated land on the northern coast of America, and all land that he might discover on his explorations. It was with great difficulty that he could prevail on others to take part in the adventure. Raleigh was amongst the number who joined him.

HIS GALLANTRY TO THE QUEEN.

The expedition was a fruitless one: having sailed as far as Newfoundland, it returned to England in 1578. In the following year, Raleigh distinguished himself more by bravery than humanity in assisting in quelling the rebellion which had broken out in the province of Munster, then under the governorship of the Earl of Ormond.

In 1582, Raleigh returned to England. His noble appearance, agreeable manners, and rare intellectual attainments, no less than his distinguished services, ensured him a favorable reception at court.

It was not long before an opportunity offered for him to prove at once his gallantry and his attachment to the person of his sovereign. The queen was taking a walk for the benefit of the air—so the story goes—and she came to a very muddy part, and hesitated about proceeding. Raleigh, who had on a new and very rich plush cloak, immediately took it off and spread it over the mud, as a footcloth for the royal pedestrian. It is said that the queen trod as gently as possible over it, and soon rewarded the sacrifice of the cloak by the present of a rich suit.

Raleigh received two appointments from the queen in 1583; the first was to attend Simier, the agent of the Duke of Anjou; the second was to attend the duke himself to Antwerp, of which he was governor. This was a distinguished honor, as at that time it was supposed that Elizabeth would accept the duke as her consort.

On Raleigh's return from Antwerp, in the same

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year, he found Sir Humphrey Gilbert preparing for a similar expedition to that which he conducted five years previously, and he readily consented to join it. There were five ships. After they had been out at sea a few days, a virulent fever broke out on board the largest vessel, and Raleigh brought it again into Plymouth harbour, whilst Gilbert proceeded with the other ships to Newfoundland, where, on the 5th of August, he took formal possession of St. John's, and founded the first British colony. He never returned to his native land. His largest vessel having been lost in a storm, he was proceeding homeward in a small sloop, in which he had braved many dangers; when, on the night of the 9th of September, she foundered in a tempestuous sea, and the brave Sir Humphrey perished, with all his crew.

This misfortune did not damp the ardour of Raleigh for voyages of discovery. At his own expense he fitted out two vessels, which he despatched under the command of Captains Barlowe and Amidas. They sailed on the 27th of April; after having captured Virginia and Carolina, they returned to England; and on the return of Raleigh from his first personal visit to Virginia, the queen conferred on him the honor of knighthood. Virginia was so named in compliment to the virgin queen. The natives called it Wingadacoa.

It was also in the year 1584, that Raleigh was elected to represent his native county in Parliament; and shortly afterwards he was made lord warden of

HIS DESIRE TO PURCHASE HAYES FARM.

the stannaries, and also captain of the queen's guard. He obtained a grant of five thousand acres of land in the counties of Cork and Waterford.

It is pleasant to find that the rapid and great accession of wealth and honors did not make him forgetful of the scenes of his childhood. Who can read the following letter without sympathizing with the writer, and regretting that it did not obtain the desired result?

“MR. DUKE,—I wrote to Mr. Prideaux, to move you for the purchase of Hayes, a farm sometime in my father's possession. I will most willingly give whatever in your conscience you deem it worth: and if at any time you shall have occasion to use me, you shall find me a thankful friend to you and yours. I am resolved, if I cannot entreat you to build at Colleton, but for the natural disposition I have to that place, *being borne in that house, I had rather scale myself there than any where els. I take my leave, readie to countervaile all your courtesies to the utter of my power.*

“Court, y^e xxvi of July, 1584.”

In the portion which we have *Italicised*, we retain the original orthography. Early in the present century, the original letter was to be seen at Otterton House. We are not sure whether it is still in existence.

In 1586, Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, fitted out a few ships, and Sir Walter Raleigh accompanied him

in an expedition in which they considerably damaged the Portuguese trade in the South Seas.

Early in the following year, the colonization of Virginia engaged Raleigh's attention. Under his directions, on the 26th of April, John White, with a hundred and fifty persons, in three vessels, left Portsmouth for Virginia. The first Christian child born in the new colony was a girl. She was the daughter of Ananias and Eleanor Dare, and the grand-daughter, by the maternal side, of the governor. She was born on the 18th of August, and named Virginia.

Raleigh, in 1590, conducted, personally, a successful cruise against the Spaniards in the West Indies. His fleet consisted of two of the queen's men-of-war and thirteen other vessels, which he equipped chiefly at his own expense.

On the 27th of January, 1591, the queen granted Raleigh a ninety-nine years' lease of Sherborne, Dorsetshire, at a rental of £200 16s. 1d. Nine days previously the manor pertained to the see of Salisbury, and the transfer was considered to be so sacrilegious that those who were envious of Raleigh's increasing greatness, did not scruple to stigmatize him as an atheist. Sherborne castle, the present manorial residence of the Earl of Digby, was erected by Raleigh.

The possession of Sherborne by any layman would have been considered impious by the high-churchmen, but it was most mortifying to their party to see it in the possession of one who was most zealous in opposing the persecuting and arbitrary measures against

AN EXPEDITION TO GUIANA.

the Romanists on the one hand, and Nonconformists of various sects on the other.

Shortly after he obtained the grant of Sherborne, he incurred the royal displeasure by the manner in which he paid his addresses to Elizabeth Throckmorton, one of the ladies of the bed-chamber. On the 31st of July, 1592, Sir Walter and his "ladye-love" were imprisoned in the Tower, the queen having discovered that they had committed matrimony, an offence which the maiden queen invariably punished when she could, and especially if the high contracting parties were courtiers. The happy couple were soon liberated, but it was some years ere Raleigh regained the favor of the queen. His first great and successful effort to effect so desirable an object, was the fitting-up, at his own expense, a fleet of five ships, with which he undertook an expedition to Guiana. He destroyed San Joseph, the capital of Trinidad. This was in 1595, the year in which the expedition of Drake and Hawkins against the Spanish West Indies failed, although their fleet consisted of twenty-six ships, with troops under command of Sir Thomas Baskerville.

Raleigh's exaggerated account of the wealth, and resources, and wonders of Guiana, did not induce the cautious queen to further his views of conquering it, and adding it to her dominions; but she rewarded his bravery by appointing him to the command of the fourth squadron of the celebrated Cadiz fleet, in 1596. This fleet finally left Plymouth on the 3rd of

June. Had it not been for the consummate skill of Raleigh, our fleet and army, instead of gaining a brilliant victory and capturing Cadiz, might have sustained a signal defeat.

So many conflicting accounts have been written about the capture of Cadiz, that it is impossible to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to whom the chief merit is due; but all agree that Raleigh led the fleet into action, and contributed greatly to the success of the expedition. In one engagement, he received a wound in the leg, in consequence of which he was confined to his ship. This seems to have annoyed him chiefly because it prevented him from "feathering his nest" to the extent he desired by the plunder of Cadiz. His complaint that he had "nought but poverty and pain" from the capture of the city, was certainly groundless. From his own admission to the Commissioners appointed by the queen to search the ships on their return to Plymouth, his share of the plunder was worth £1769. Two others, Sir Francis Vere and Sir Conyers Clifford, had shares more valuable, each being worth upwards of £3000. The commanders of the other squadrons, namely, the Earl of Essex, the Lord Admiral, and Lord Thomas Howard, thought more of glory than of pillage. So far from enriching themselves, they seem to have incurred considerable pecuniary loss by the Cadiz expedition.

From a letter of the Earl of Essex to Anthony Bacon, it appears that Lord Thomas Howard had, in

SURRENDER OF CADIZ.

the castle of Cadiz, "a house which was reputed of equal value with any, and was sued for by Sir Walter Raleigh most earnestly;" and from another letter written by the wife of Lord Thomas, that until "the queen claimed all," it was arranged that her husband "should have for his part five thousand pounds, and Sir Walter Raleigh three." There is, however, no evidence to shew that the queen seized the prizes found in the possession of the pillagers by the Plymouth Commissioners.

On the Sunday after the surrender of Cadiz, divine service was performed by the victors in its principal church; the sermon was preached by the chaplain of the Earl of Essex, "Master Hopkins, a man of good learning, and sweet utterance." When the service was concluded, the Lord Admiral, who was chief of the forces by sea, and the Earl of Essex, who had the pre-eminent command of the land forces, created knights. No fewer than sixty-three individuals were knighted. This liberality on the part of the generals was displeasing to the queen, and occasioned much jealousy and ridicule in England. Amongst the squibs published at the time, the following had become famous:

A gentleman of Wales,
With knight of Cales, (Calais)
And a lord of the north countrie,
A yeoman of Kent,
Upon a rack't rent,
Will buy them out all three.

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One of the sixty-three who were knighted was Arthur Throckmorton, the brother-in-law of Raleigh. Another was Anthony Ashley, a friend of Throckmorton's.

Ashley was the first to give an account of the expedition to Elizabeth's council: from his version it appeared that all the merit of success was due to Raleigh and the sea service. The secretary, Sir Robert Cecil, was no friend to the Earl of Essex, and he and the Council drew up, from Ashley's statements, an account of the capture of Cadiz. This was published, and, shortly afterwards, the Essex party prepared for publication "A true relation of the action of Cadiz, under the Earl of Essex and the Lord Admiral; sent to a gentleman at court, from one that served there in a good place." But their design was thwarted by Ashley. He had been made acquainted with their intention, and he informed the Council, who immediately issued a prohibition to all printers from publishing any account except by special permission.

But for one untoward circumstance, Raleigh might at this time have regained the favor of the queen. After the capture of Cadiz, Essex proposed that the fleet should put to sea, and endeavour to intercept the Spanish homeward-bound West Indian fleet. This was strenuously and successfully opposed by Raleigh, whose judgment guided others. The English fleet had not returned a month, when the news reached England that only two days after the proposal of

Essex and Lord Thomas Howard was negatived, the Spanish West Indian fleet entered the Tagus with twenty millions of ducats. The loss of such a prize irritated the queen greatly, and she vented her wrath on those on whom she was but a few days before disposed to lavish honors. Bacon, in one of his letters on the subject, wrote, “‘*Necesse est,*’ said our Saviour, ‘*ut scandala evenient sed vae illis per quos.*’* Sir Walter Raleigh has enough of these *væ*’s laid upon him for having dissuaded my Lord Admiral from joining with my Lord of Essex, and persuaded an untimely, unlucky, and most dishonorable return.”

This was in September, 1596. In the following February, Sir Walter Raleigh was successful in effecting a reconciliation between the Earl of Essex and Sir Robert Cecil. This paved the way for his own reinstatement in the royal favor. In June, Raleigh was admitted into the royal presence. He was also restored to the command of the yeoman guard, which, since his marriage, he had not been permitted to exercise. Active preparations were being made for another expedition against Spain. The command was given to the Earl of Essex. Lord Thomas Howard was appointed vice-admiral, Sir Walter Raleigh, rear-admiral. The armament, which was victualled for four months, consisted of one hundred and twenty ships, with ten pieces of artillery, and six

* “It needs be that offences will come, but *væ* (*væ*) to him through whom they come.”

thousand men. It put to sea on the 10th of July, but it was so shattered by a storm that it was obliged to put back. Sir Walter, in a letter to Cecil, dated July 18th, says "In my ship it hath shaken all her beams, knees, and stancheons asunder, inasmuch that on Saturday night, we made account to have yielded our souls up to God,—our ship so open every-where, all her bulwarks rent, her very cook-room of brick shaken down into powder." The fleet was not ready to put to sea again until the middle of August. The expedition was a most unfortunate one. There is no doubt that the little glory which resulted from it was achieved by Raleigh, but under circumstances which, if the accounts of some be correct, reflect little credit on Raleigh's generosity of disposition. Whether he designedly stole a march on the Earl of Essex, or whether, as he and his friends state, he waited for two days for Essex before he would attack Fayal, cannot be ascertained; Fayal was captured by Raleigh; and so mortified were Essex and other officers, that they had not taken part in the attack, that Raleigh was called upon to answer for his conduct before a council of officers. He was told that it was directly and expressly forbidden, upon pain of death, to land forces without order from the general. To this he replied, that as he was one of the principal commanders, the orders did not apply to him. Essex was advised to have Raleigh tried by a court martial, "That" said Essex, "would I do, were he my friend." It is certain that some of the followers of the Earl of Essex

did all they could to prejudice him against Raleigh, consequently the worst construction was put upon every movement of the rear-admiral.

That Raleigh had bitter enemies among his colleagues, is certain, but it is no less certain that he had powerful friends at Court. Cecil was in himself a host. One of the principal charges against the Earl of Essex by the queen, on his return to England, was his oppression of Sir Walter Raleigh. As it was mainly through Raleigh's influence that on the 18th of December, 1597, Essex was created, by patent, Earl Marshal of England, we may presume that they had contrived to adjust their differences speedily. Raleigh, Essex, and Cecil, were on friendly terms with each other in January, 1598, and this occasioned surprise. In the summer of that year, the Earl of Essex quitted the Court, after having received a box on the ears from the queen, in consequence of his rude behaviour towards her. It has been generally supposed that Robert Dudley, the celebrated Earl of Leicester, introduced the Earl of Essex to Court as a counterpoise to the influence of Raleigh, of whom he was particularly jealous. The absence of Essex from Court did not hinder, if it did not promote, the advancement of Raleigh. In the year 1600 he was appointed governor of Jersey.

Immediately after the first examination of Essex by the Council, on his sudden return from Ireland, in September, 1599, Raleigh openly sided with the Cecil party, but he was not in England at the time of the

trial at York House in June. A private letter of this period, dated June 9th, informs us "Raleigh is gone into the country, with bag and baggage, as wife and children; and Her Majesty called him worse than cat and dog."

Raleigh was one of the witnesses against the Earl of Essex at his last trial, February 19th, 1601. When he was called and sworn, Essex exclaimed "What booteth it to swear this fox?" The most ardent admirers of Raleigh find it difficult to make his conduct in the matter of the Earl of Essex, appear worthy of him, or like that of a noble-minded man. Neither he nor his royal mistress regained popularity after the death of Essex. He retired as much as he could into private life, and spent his time in literary pursuits, and in cultivating the acquaintanceship of literary men. Amongst his personal friends were Shakspeare, Ben Johnson, Beaumont, and Fletcher.

Queen Elizabeth died on the 24th of March, 1603, and James VI. of Scotland hastened to take possession of the vacant throne. He was a great friend of the late Earl of Essex, and he shared in the popular prejudice against Raleigh. Shortly after his accession, Sir Walter was deprived of his office of captain of the yeoman guard, and of the wardenship of the stannaries. Not content with these tokens of ill-favor James contrived to drive him from Court entirely.

In the summer, a report was spread about that Raleigh was at the head of a conspiracy to dethrone James, and make the lady Arabella Stuart queen.

HIS TRIAL.

Raleigh and his colleagues were imprisoned in the Tower in July. The plague was then raging so fearfully in London, that it was deserted by the Court and by the judges. It was ultimately resolved that the conspirators should be tried at Winchester, to which city they were removed in November. Sir William Waad writes thus, on the 13th of November, to Cecil, "I thank God, we brought all our prisoners safely hither yesternight, in good time; and yet I protest it was hob or nob whether Sir Walter Raleigh should have been brought alive through such multitudes of unruly people as did exclaim against him. We took the best order we could in setting watches through all the streets, both in London and for the suburbs. If one hair-brained fellow among so great multitudes had set upon him (as they were very near to do it), no entreaty or means could have prevailed, the fury of the people was so great."

The trial commenced on the 17th of November. The chief witness against Raleigh was the dastardly Lord Cobham, who afterwards retracted the most material parts of his evidence.

Raleigh was charged with having conspired to dethrone the king, to introduce the Roman Catholic religion into England, to procure foreign invasion, and other similar offences. The only point which could be proved against him was that when Cobham told him that if he would use his influence to further the peace between England and Spain, he should be paid for his services by the Court of Spain, he replied

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“When I see the money, I will tell you more.” Raleigh admitted that he had listened to the proposals of Cobham, but he denied that he had ever favoured the Spanish faction. He complained that Cobham, the only witness against him, did not give his evidence personally, and was not produced. “Let Lord Cobham be sent for,” said he “call my accuser before my face, and I have done! Charge him on his soul, and on his allegiance to the king; and if he affirm it, let me be taken to be guilty.”

The Attorney-general, the celebrated Sir Edward Coke, conducted the case against Raleigh with such asperity as called forth reprobation from all parties. Raleigh said “Your words cannot condemn me; my innocency is my defence. Prove *one* of those things wherewith you have charged me, and I will confess the whole indictment, and that I am the horriblest traitor that ever lived, and worthy to be crucified with a thousand cruel torments.” To this Coke replied “Nay, I will prove all!—thou art a monster! thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart. Now you must have money. Aremborg was no sooner in England, (I charge thee, Raleigh), but thou incitest Cobham to go unto him, and to deal with him for money to bestow on discontented persons to raise rebellion in the kingdom.”—“Let me answer for myself,” said the prisoner, “Thou shalt not!” fiercely replied the Attorney-general. Cecil, who was one of the commissioners, here interposed, and begged Coke to allow Raleigh to speak. This so offended “Mr. At-

HIS TRIAL.

torney," that he "sate down in a chafe, and would speak no more, until the commissioners urged and entreated him, when, after much ado, he went on.

He applied the most scurrilous epithets to the illustrious prisoner, who, after listening to his vituperation for some time, observed to him, "You speak indiscreetly, barbarously, and uncivilly." Coke replied "I want words to express the viperous treasons." Raleigh's answer was very sarcastic, "I think you want words indeed, for you have spoken one thing half a dozen times." This was evidently true, for the Attorney-general, instead of denying it or offering any remark to justify his tautology, took refuge in personal abuse, to which he was much inclined. "Thou art an odious fellow," he exclaimed, "thy name is hateful to all England for thy pride." Raleigh's smart repartee provoked Coke to expressions still more offensive and unbecoming.

Concerning the moral guilt of Raleigh with regard to the plot for which he was tried, opinions widely differ. But if he were morally guilty, his guilt was never legally proved, consequently his condemnation was illegal. Early in the reign of Edward III. statutes were enacted providing that in establishing cases of high treason, the testimony of two credible witnesses, who should be brought face to face with the prisoner, was necessary. This was pleaded by Raleigh. Coke, in general terms, said that the law was altered: when, or by whom, or how, he did not say; he merely declared that the crown could not

stand a year upon the king his master's head, if a traitor could not be condemned upon circumstances. He thus, either from obsequiousness to the king, or vindictiveness towards Raleigh, established a precedent which afterwards was quoted by unscrupulous judges and advocates, who aimed more at proving state prisoners guilty than at eliciting truth and doing justice. His conduct at Raleigh's trial is the greatest blot on the memory of Coke, who must ever be regarded as one of the most eminent lawyers. We may think lightly of his coarse invective, when we remember that, in those days, refinement of expression was not sought after in controversy. But it is impossible to acquit so distinguished a lawyer from a wilful and malicious perversion of justice in the case of Sir Walter Raleigh.

When a verdict of "guilty" was returned by the jury, Raleigh remarked "They must do as they are directed." He was sentenced to death, and his property was confiscated. The day for his execution was not fixed, and he was, in the meantime, remanded to the Tower, where for twelve years he remained a prisoner. His wife and son were allowed to reside with him. His second son, Carew, was born in the Tower in 1604. Raleigh found solace in music, poetry, painting, chemistry, and literature. His "History of the World" was all written in the Tower. The materials were supplied by friends, of whom he still had many. Amongst his admirers and visitors, was the heir apparent, Henry, Prince of Wales, who is said to



SIR WALTER RALEIGH STUDYING CHEMISTRY IN THE TOWER.

have observed, that none but his father would keep such a bird in such a cage. The Prince died on the 6th of November, 1612. In 1614, Raleigh's "History of the World" was published, and in the following year he regained his liberty, through the interest of Villiers, the king's favorite, whose good graces he gained by a present of fifteen hundred pounds.

Raleigh was no sooner free again than he proposed an expedition to Guiana "that mighty, rich, and beautiful empire," containing "the great and golden city, which the Spaniards call *El Dorado*." James would neither engage his services, nor assist him in the undertaking; it is even said that he informed the Spanish ambassador of Raleigh's designs.

So sanguine was Raleigh that he embarked the whole of his own and his wife's fortune in fitting out a fleet to South America. At this time, Sir Ralph Winwood was secretary of state, and he used his influence to procure for Raleigh the rank of admiral of the fleet, and a royal commission authorizing him to found an English settlement in Guiana. But the expedition met with determined opposition from the Spaniards, who had received information long before of Raleigh's designs.

Since Raleigh's visit to Guiana, the Spaniards had established a settlement there; and James gave him and his captain strict injunctions not to molest them, or to interfere with any of the Spanish settlements.

It was a most inauspicious time for Raleigh, or for any other Englishman, to undertake an expedition to

any part of the New World. The Spaniards were jealous of other nations, and especially jealous of the English, by whom they had suffered many defeats; and James was anxious to propitiate the Spanish court, in order that his son Charles, the Prince of Wales, might marry the Infanta.

With a fleet of fourteen ships, Raleigh left Plymouth on the 13th of August, 1617, and reached his destination in November. He sent Keymis, his captain, with five of the largest ships, up the Orinoco, and gave him instructions with reference to the locality of the valuable mine. The captain proceeded up the river according to Raleigh's direction. The Spaniards had been on the look-out for an English fleet; and accordingly they, in the night, attacked the five ships as they passed Fort St. Thomas. The English acted on the defensive and defeated the enemy; but not content with this, they attacked the fort and captured it; they then plundered the town. The governor of St. Thomas's was a relative of the Spanish ambassador in London; he was killed in the conflict, as was also Raleigh's son.

The search for the mine proved—as no doubt Raleigh expected it would prove—fruitless. Keymis and his men, who had encountered much opposition from the Spaniards, and innumerable difficulties incidental to such an enterprise, rejoined Sir Walter, after an absence from him of about two months. A violent quarrel ensued between Raleigh and Keymis. Of course it is impossible to say who was most

blameworthy, or what was the main cause of the quarrel. Recriminations reached such a pitch that the captain, in the heat of passion, committed suicide. The men were mutinous; and altogether Raleigh was so discouraged that he resolved to return to England.

He reached Plymouth in March, 1618. Some weeks previous to this, Gondamar, the Spanish Ambassador, contrived, by representing that Raleigh had "broken the sacred peace betwixt the two kingdoms," to have a proclamation issued against him. In the proclamation, the king declared his utter dislike and detestation of the violence and excesses committed upon the territories of his dear brother of Spain, and invited all who could give information on the subject to communicate it personally to the Privy Council.

As soon as Raleigh reached Plymouth, his friends told him of the proclamation, warned him of his danger, and urged him to escape; but so confident was he of the justice of his cause, that he brought his ship, the *Destiny*, to her moorings, sent his sails ashore, and set off for London. Before he had proceeded more than twenty miles, he was arrested by Sir Lewis Stukley, and obliged to return to Plymouth. Stukley seems to have connived at, if he did not plan, the escape of Raleigh to France; but, after deliberating, Raleigh resolved not to attempt it, and he was therefore conducted to London. On his arrival he was so staggered at the charges which his enemies had raked up against him, that he readily listened to proposals

for his escape from the country. In this scheme he was encouraged by Stukley, whose aim was evidently to entrap him.

On the 10th of August, 1618, Raleigh was arrested at Greenwich, and imprisoned in the Tower. Since his return to England, he had been a prisoner, but in his own house. There can be but little doubt that the scheme of his escape from England, was one designed by his enemies to ruin him.

He was not brought to trial on the charges made against him. On the 28th of October, he was brought into the Court of the King's Bench, and told that for the last fifteen years he had, in the eye of the law, been a dead man; and might at any moment have been led to the scaffold; and that as new offences had stirred up his Majesty's justice to enforce what the law had formerly cast upon him, justice must take its course. The only favor that could be shewn him was, that he should on the following morning be beheaded, instead of hanged. He pleaded that his last commission from the king, implied pardon for the offences of which he had been pronounced guilty; but the plea was over-ruled.

At night, he gave to one of his attendants the following lines, for his own epitaph:—

“ Even such is time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,

HIS EXECUTION.

When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust."

According to some, the piece called "The Farewell," was written by Raleigh, in his last hours; but this is evidently erroneous, as it has been clearly proved that the poem was in print ten years before Raleigh died.

He was executed in the Old Palace Yard, Westminster. His demeanour on the scaffold was calm and dignified. In his speech he protested that he had not promoted the death of the Earl of Essex, but that he had wept for him. After he had bidden farewell to his friends around him, he asked the executioner to shew him the axe with which he was to be decollated. As the man did not immediately comply, Raleigh said "I pr'ythee let me see it; dost thou think that I am afraid of it?" When it was shewn him, he passed his finger over the edge of it, and remarked to the sheriff, "This is a sharp medicine, but it is a cure for all diseases." He was asked which way he wished his head to lie on the block, his answer was, "If the heart be right, it matters not which way the head is laid."

When the executioner was about to blindfold him, he refused to let him do so, and assured him that it was unnecessary. "Think you," said he, "I fear the shadow of the axe when I fear not the axe itself?"

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His head was by two strokes severed from his body, and it was afterward obtained by his widow ; she bequeathed it to his son Carew, who, in 1659, became governor of Jersey. He died in 1666, and his father's head was buried in his grave. Sir Walter's body was buried in St. Margaret's church, Westminster.

It is no easy matter to form a just estimate of the character of Raleigh. Elizabeth's court was notorious for intrigue ; James's still more so for profligacy. It is from writers who were cotemporary with Raleigh, that his subsequent biographers derive the information by which their judgments are formed. His ability is acknowledged by all. "Authors," says one writer, "are perplexed under what topic to place him ; whether statesman, seaman, soldier, chemist, or chronologer, for in all these he did excel ; and it still remains a dispute whether the age he lived in was more obliged to his pen or his sword ; the one being busy in conquering the new, the other in so bravely describing the old world."

Raleigh was ever ready to assist men of genius and earning. When he was in the zenith of his greatness, he visited the poet Spenser, at whose residence he remained several days. It was on this occasion that the poet read the manuscript of his "Fairy Queen" to Raleigh, who was so pleased with it, that although only the first three books were complete, he wished it to be immediately published. To this Spenser agreed, and he therefore accompanied Raleigh from Ireland to

INTRODUCTION OF TOBACCO.

England. On Spenser's arrival in London, Raleigh introduced him to the queen, who shortly afterwards granted him a pension of fifty pounds.

Raleigh was also the patron of Richard Hakluyt, who, in 1605, was made prebendary of Westminster. It is said that Raleigh personally assisted him in the compilation of the celebrated "Collection of English Voyages," which he published in three folio volumes.

He availed himself of the services of Thomas Heriot, the mathematician, who accompanied him to America, and wrote an account of the discovery of Virginia. He invited Heriot to become an inmate of his house, and he paid him a salary for his instruction in the mathematics. It has been maintained that Descartes derived his "pretended discoveries in Algebra" from Heriot's "*Artis Analytical Praxis*."

Sir Walter Raleigh is, by some, said to have been the first to introduce tobacco into this country; but others say that it was introduced in 1586, by Ralph Lane, the commander of Raleigh's Virginian colony. Three others have each the credit of introducing into this country

"The Indian weed, unknown to ancient times,
Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume
Extracts superfluous juices, and refines
The blood distempered from its noxious salts."

The three to whom we allude, are Sir John

Hawkins, who, in 1565, brought home a small sample, which was regarded merely as a drug; Sir Francis Drake, in whose ship *Lane* came to England with his tobacco; and Captain Greenville.

There is a popular story to the effect that, one day, as Sir Walter was indulging in "a smoke," his servant had occasion to go to him. He was shocked at seeing his master almost enveloped in smoke, through which fire was perceptible. He ran for a bucket of water, and discharged its contents over Sir Walter. The story would not end well if we omitted to state that Sir Walter laughed heartily at his servant's unceremonious and effectual manner of putting a pipe out; and explained to him that he knew of an easier and equally effective method.

There is another popular story which we must not omit. Raleigh was one day telling the queen all he had heard and seen of the properties and virtues of tobacco; and to awaken her interest, he told her that he could ascertain the exact weight of the smoke which issued from his pipe. The idea of weighing smoke appeared so absurd to the queen, that she laid a wager that he could not prove his assertion true. He accepted the wager, weighed some tobacco, put it into his pipe, puffed away till he required another "charge," then weighed the ashes left in the pipe. Of course the queen was obliged to admit that the difference between the weight of the ashes and that of the tobacco had "gone off in smoke." She paid her bet, and observed, "Many labourers in the fire

turn gold into smoke, you have turned smoke into gold."

Sir Walter Raleigh was the first who introduced potatoes into Ireland. He brought them from America, and planted them on his own estate at Youghall, in 1586. They were not introduced into Britain till many years afterwards,

Tradition gives to Sir Walter Raleigh the honor of planting the first orange trees that ever grew in this country. Quaint old Fuller mentions the tradition. The place where Raleigh planted the trees was Beddington, near Croydon. Beddington belonged to Sir Francis Carew, a relative of Raleigh's. In Fuller's time, the trees were a hundred years old.

Raleigh contributed greatly to improve the English language, not only by patronizing learned men, but also by his own literary efforts. His name cannot be omitted in any list of our earlier poets, although his poetry is, comparatively speaking, forgotten. As an historian, he was superior to any Englishman who had preceded him. As a soldier, he was not excelled by the bravest of his contemporaries. He was trained "not part, but wholly gentleman, wholly soldier." As a seaman, his intrepidity and enterprise have never been exceeded by the most intrepid and enterprising of his countrymen. As a courtier, he was ambitious, and his ambition led to his downfall. From a popular anecdote concerning him, it seems that when he commenced his career as a courtier, he had his misgivings as to the ultimate result. He wrote on a

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

window, so as to attract the queen's attention "Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall." The queen wrote beneath it "If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all." He climbed, and he fell. His fate, whilst it reflects lasting shame on the pusillanimous monarch who sacrificed him to gratify Spanish malice and his own private enmity, teaches a useful lesson. Had Raleigh not lowered himself by showing his jealousy of the Earl of Essex, by treating him as a rival, and by endeavouring to lessen him in the estimation of the queen, it is probable that James, who was, with all his faults, an admirer of learning, would have been glad to patronize him.

Amongst the absurd charges which the enemies of Raleigh brought against him, was that of being inclined to Atheism. Relative to this Sewell says:—

"An Atheist sailor is a monstrous thing,
More wonderful than all old ocean breeds.
But I will witness for my Raleigh's faith;
Yes, I have seen him, when the tempest raged,
When, from the precipice of mountain-waves,
All hearts have trembled at the gulf below,
He, with a steady, supplicating look,
Displayed his trust in that tremendous Power
Who curbs the billows, and cuts short the wings
Of the rude whirl wind in its midway course,
And bids the madness of the waves to cease."

Raleigh must have been more honest or less discreet than Cecil, for Cecil, whose enmity towards the unfortunate Earl of Essex had been notorious, contrived to be one of the first Englishmen on whom James

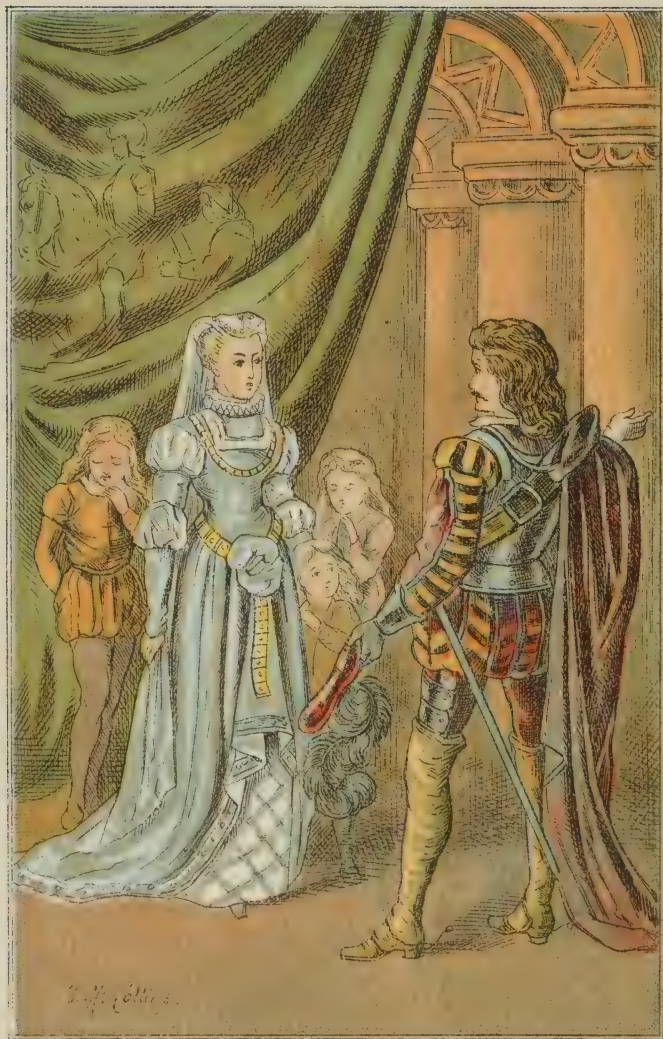
CONCLUSION.

bestowed his favor. It is not improbable that those courtiers who had been envious of, and in opposition to, the Earl of Essex, made Raleigh their scape-goat, by leading James to believe that Essex perished through the machinations of Sir Walter. There is no evidence to shew that Raleigh made any effort to procure the pardon of his noble rival when he was in disgrace, or to save his life when he was under sentence of death. On the other hand, we regret to find that it would be easier to shew that he did what he could to procure the execution of the sentence, which, according to the rigour of the time, had justly been passed upon the earl. But "to err is human." Raleigh had his failings, and those failings were, no doubt, magnified by those who, in his lifetime, were his rivals for equal favor, and by those who, after his death, were anxious to vindicate the justice of James and his ministers.

Of Raleigh it may be said that his virtues were his own, his vices those of the age in which he lived. Amongst the large number of great men who were cotemporary with him, it were easy to name many who had all Raleigh's failings, and many from which he was free, but it would be difficult to name many whose accomplishments were so varied, and whose ability was so great.

Raleigh's principal work, "the History of the World," was never completed by him. It is said that the concluding sentences were written by him after he was sentenced to death. They are certainly

very appropriate to such an occasion :—" It is therefore death alone that can suddenly make a man know himself ; he tells the proud and insolent that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant, makes them cry, complain, and repent ; yea, even to hate their forepast happiness. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a begger, which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it. O, eloquent, just, and mighty Death ! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded ; what none hath dared, thou hast done ; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou alone hast cast out of the world and despised ; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words—*Hic jacet*.



JOHN FREDERIC – THE MAGNANIMOUS.

JOHN FREDERIC,

THE MAGNANIMOUS YET IRRESOLUTE MONARCH

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;

“Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o’er life’s solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.”

On the evening of the 23rd of April, 1547, a large army arrived on the banks of the Elbe, opposite the town of Mühlberg, in Saxony. The river at that place is three hundred paces in breadth, about four feet in depth, its current rapid, and, on this occasion, its high bank on the Mühlberg side was possessed by a strong body of men, ready to oppose the invaders of their country. These were great obstacles; but they were as nothing in the sight of the bold and resolute leader of that army—the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Undismayed, he called together his general officers,

and, without asking their opinion on the subject, communicated to them his intention of attempting to force his passage over the river early on the ensuing morning, and to attack the Saxons whenever he could come up with them. The officers all expressed their utmost astonishment at such a bold resolution; even the Duke of Alva, impetuous and daring as he was cruel and revengeful, ventured to remonstrate with his imperial master.

"Your Majesty will surely run a great risk in so doing," he observed; "it will place yourself and your army in the most imminent danger."

"None can be more impatient than I am to meet the enemy," said Maurice of Saxony; "but I confess this seems to be perilling our lives to no purpose. I entreat your Majesty to abandon so hazardous an attempt."

"My resolution is taken," replied Charles, "and I never in my life gave up anything I had once determined on."

And without paying any more regard to the arguments and earnest entreaties of his officers, and confiding in his own judgment or good fortune, he immediately gave the necessary orders for carrying his design into execution.

Early the next morning, therefore, a body of Italian and Spanish foot marched towards the river, and commenced an incessant fire on the enemy. A bridge of boats was then laid for the infantry; and the cavalry, each trooper having a foot soldier behind him, began

BATTLE OF MULHAUSEN.

to ford the river. The emperor, mounted on a superb Spanish horse, dressed in a sumptuous habit, and holding a javelin in his hand, led them on. Such a numerous body, struggling through a broad and rapid river, sometimes swimming, sometimes treading on a firm bottom; now turning to the right, and now to the left, according to the directions of the guide, presented both to their companions whom they had left behind, and to the foe who fired upon them in front, a spectacle equally interesting and magnificent. The courage of the Imperialists surmounted every obstacle; no man betraying the least symptom of fear when they saw the emperor sharing in the danger with the meanest soldier.

The moment they reached the opposite shore, Charles, having put the Saxon troops to flight, marched on towards the great body of the enemy, which he came up with at Mülhausen, and completely defeated. The result of the battle of Mülhausen was to bring misery and sorrow into many a loved and pleasant home; more especially into one—the noblest and the happiest in all Saxony.

Germany was at this time much divided by discord and differences in religion; some of the states professing the Roman Catholic, and some the Protestant faith. Charles the Fifth desired to bring all into subjection to him and the pope. But the doctrines of the Reformation had taken such deep root, that neither the anathemas of the Vatican, the ban of the empire nor disastrous wars, could extirpate them. The

decrees of the Diet against the Protestants were such that at length they took up arms to defend their religion, under John Frederic, the Elector of Saxony, and Philip, Landgrave of Hesse. The pope and the emperor both prepared their forces to humble and subdue these brave defenders of the Protestant faith. Charles, however, declared he took up arms, not in a religious, but in a civil quarrel—not to oppress any who continued to behave as quiet and dutiful subjects, but to humble the arrogance of such as had thrown off all sense of that subordination in which they were placed under him as head of the Germanic body. This was untrue. The greater and sounder part of the Protestant confederates were well aware that it was against the reformed religion the emperor was making war; and that not only the suppression of it, but the extinction of German liberty, would be the certain consequence of his obtaining such an entire superiority as would enable him to execute his schemes in their full extent. They determined, therefore, to prepare for their own defence, and neither renounce the religious truths they upheld, nor abandon those civil rights which had been transmitted to them by their ancestors.

John Frederic the Magnanimous, Elector of Saxony, one of the most upright and amiable princes of the age, was deeply attached to the reformed faith. Resolved to defend it to the uttermost, he became the rallying-point of the Protestant party. But though intrepid in his own person to excess, and most ar-

IS TAKEN PRISONER.

dently zealous in the cause, he was yet slow in deliberating, uncertain as well as irresolute in his determinations, and constantly preferred measures which were cautious and safe to such as were bold and decisive. Accordingly, when Charles with his army marched into Saxony, and the danger called for prompt resolutions, this brave man was in an unusual state of fluctuation and uncertainty. Sometimes he acted as if resolved to defend the banks of the Elbe; at other times he abandoned this as rash and perilous. At length, after much deliberation and hesitation, he marched to Mühlberg, and, leaving there a detachment to oppose the enemy, if they should attempt to cross the river at that place, which he did not think they would venture to do, advanced a few miles with his main body, and then encamped. Great was his astonishment when the news reached him that the emperor had crossed the Elbe, and was close at hand. There was no time then to retreat to Wittenberg, as he desired; nothing remained but to fight. And no less brave and bold in action than irresolute in council, the elector skilfully arranged his troops, and led them on to battle. He displayed great personal courage, activity, and presence of mind; but all was of no avail; his army was defeated, and himself taken prisoner.

Wounded and exhausted with fatigue, he was conducted into the presence of the emperor.

Flushed with success, Charles stood on the battlefield, surrounded by a brilliant group of officers, who

warmly congratulated him on the success which had crowned his arms.

“The honour of the victory is yours alone, Sire,” said the Duke of Alva; “it is by your Majesty’s valour and skill that we have overcome these rebellious Saxons. And here comes their prince, your prisoner!”

Humbled as he was, the elector approached his conqueror without any marks of sullenness or pride: conscious of his own dignity, he descended to no mean submission, unbecoming the high station which he held amongst the German princes, but with a firm, respectful tone thus addressed the emperor:—

“The fortune of war, most gracious emperor, has made me your prisoner, and I hope to be treated—”

“And I am, then, at last acknowledged to be the emperor?” said Charles, interrupting him; “Charles of Ghent was the only title you lately allowed me. You shall be treated as you deserve;” and he turned abruptly from him with a haughty air.

“That will not be with much respect, then,” said the emperor’s brother Ferdinand, who bore the title of ‘King of the Romans;’ “your day is past, Duke Frederic. Your imperial master will give you no further opportunity of rebelling against him.”

The elector made no reply to these ungenerous insults; but with an unruffled composure, exhibiting neither astonishment nor dejection, accompanied the Spanish soldiers appointed to guard him.

In an apartment of the electoral palace of Witten-

berg sat the wife and children of the captive elector. Ignorant of the events which had just taken place, they pursued their various avocations in happy unconsciousness of the heavy blow which had fallen upon them. The large windows, which commanded a fine view of the Elbe and the adjacent country, had been thrown open, to admit the fresh balmy air of a spring morning; and the children, industrious, cheerful and obedient, studied their appointed tasks, under the superintendence of a mother whom they loved and revered in no common degree.

And she was, indeed, worthy of their love and respect. Firmly attached to the principles of the Protestant faith, and distinguished no less by her abilities than her virtues, Sybilla of Cleves, was well fitted for the high station she occupied in the land. An affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a sincere friend, her name was held in honour and esteem by every true Saxon heart.

"I wish papa would come home!" said little Albert, the youngest of the party, as he left his seat, and went to his mother's side. "What keeps him so long away from us, dear mamma?"

"He is gone to defend our country and our religion, my boy," replied his mother, fondly stroking down his flaxen curls; "we will hope that ere long we shall have him again amongst us."

"I wish I were old enough to go to battle with him," said Frederic. "I think it is shameful of the em-

peror to bring an army into Saxony, when papa never did anything to injure him."

"And I think it far more shameful of Prince Maurice to take up arms against his own cousin," said Ernest. "I can scarcely believe he is what he pretends to be—a Protestant. Do you think he is, mamma?"

"He is said to be zealously attached to the reformed religion, both from education and principle," replied the electress; "but his conduct is so extraordinary as to lead us to doubt it. He appears to place the most unbounded confidence in the emperor, assists him with his troops, and, by his great abilities and winning address, contrives to stand high in his favour."

"That does not seem much like being a friend to the Protestants, however," said Lena. "I do not like Prince Maurice at all, though he is my cousin. He must be a very cross old man."

"On the contrary, he is a young man of graceful appearance and engaging manners, Lena. Expert in all military exercises, brave and intrepid in a high degree, skilful in command, and wise in counsel, Maurice of Saxony seems destined to act a distinguished part in the affairs of Germany; whether for good or for evil we cannot tell. But his jealousy of your father, his evident desire to dispossess him of his dominions, his ambition, and his lukewarmness, to say the least of it, in the Protestant cause, make me fear the latter."

CONDUCT OF PRINCE MAURICE.

“Yes, when he has engaged to serve the emperor as a faithful subject, and Charles, in return, promises to bestow on him our father’s electoral dominions, we well may suspect him!” said Prince John, indignantly. “A professed Protestant, he binds himself to contribute his assistance towards carrying on a war which can have no other object than the extirpation of the Protestant doctrines. He takes up arms against his own father-in-law and his nearest kinsman, both staunch Protestants; joins a dubious friend against a known benefactor, and then pretends that his conduct is fair, and just, and honourable! I cannot think of him with patience.”

“But, mamma,” said Lena, “I thought that great council last year was to adjust all differences, and that we should have no more fighting or disputing?”

“The Council of Trent, you mean, Lena? Alas! my child, instead of adjusting differences, it has only made matters worse. The pope called that council to suppress, as he said, the heresies in the Church. Its decrees were declared to be binding on all Christians, and submitted to as the infallible rule of their faith. But the Protestants will have nothing to do with the Council of Trent, and do not, in any way, submit to its decrees. Convinced that we are maintaining the cause of God and of truth, we disclaim all connexion with a council whose object is to put down the faith which we prize so highly, and for which Luther so earnestly contended.”

“It seems a pity the point cannot be settled with-

out going to battle about it, however," said the gentle Lena. "I cannot bear fighting."

"War is a terrible thing, indeed!" replied the electress. "Your father and the Landgrave of Hesse are as desirous of peace as you are, Lena; and, therefore, they, with the other Protestants, presented a memorial to the emperor, in which, after stating their objections to the Council of Trent, they proposed, as the only effectual method of deciding the dispute, that either a free general council should be assembled in Germany, or a select number of divines should be appointed out of each party, to examine and define the articles of faith."

"Well, mamma, that seemed fair enough: and what did the emperor say?"

"He received the paper with a contemptuous smile, and paid no further regard to it."

"And so papa is obliged to take up arms in defence of our religion and our liberty," said Earnest. "All I hope is that we shall come off conquerors."

At this moment the loud clattering of horses' feet caused Albert to look from the window.

"Oh, mamma," he exclaimed, "here are soldiers galloping in such haste! They are come into the court-yard! They are papa's dragoons; and I see Count Hugel!"

"Count Hugel! Then he brings tidings of your father!"

"Perhaps we have gained a victory," said Frederic; "I will go and meet the count."



COUNT HUGEL THE BEARER OF BAD NEWS.

But the next moment the Saxon officer was announced, and Sybilla saw at a glance that he was the bearer of bad news.

“You bring me tidings of my husband—of the elector?” she said, with trembling lips; “speak! is he well?”

“He is well, madam,” replied the count; “but we have lost the day. Twelve hundred Saxons lie on the plains of Mulhausen!”

“And my husband?”

“Is a prisoner, madam. At his earnest request I came hither with four hundred men, who managed to keep together. I bear a message from the prince. He prays you to be of good comfort, and put your trust in the Almighty; and exhorts you to defend Wittenberg.”

Sybilla loved her husband with a deep and tender affection, and for a few moments this afflicting intelligence overcame her; then, summoning all her fortitude, she replied, with the energy and resolution natural to her character, “It shall be done; Wittenberg shall be defended. But tell me of the prince. How is it that you are here, and he a prisoner?”

“We did our utmost, noble lady, to save him from his enemies, but in vain; his horse fell under him, and he was captured. Right bravely he bore him in the fight, and well and gallantly the men behaved; but all was of no avail—the emperor’s usual good fortune prevailed, and we lost the day. At the moment of his capture the prince despatched me hither. but not

before I had been a witness to his resignation and trust in God."

"How, sir? of what do you speak?"

"Just when the prince saw that all went against him, a violent peal of thunder broke over our heads; whereupon he raised his eyes to heaven, and saying—'Ah! Thou Almighty One! Thou tellest me that Thou still reignest, and will not forsake Thy servant,' his countenance immediately assumed its usual calm expression."

"My good husband!" said Sybilla, as the tears rolled down her cheeks. "We must prove ourselves worthy of him, my dear children. Count Hugel, will you give orders for the defence of the city?"

"Gladly, madam. The emperor is close at hand, and there is no time to be lost."

"He shall find us ready for him. I have no fear of the people, they are as true as steel."

"The tidings we bring, however, have thrown the citizens into the utmost consternation, madam.* That their loved and honoured sovereign should be a prisoner, has so afflicted them that they are overwhelmed with grief and terror; whilst the news of the approach of the Imperialists has completed the shock. They appear to be nearly stunned by the blow."

"Then must they be aroused to exertion. If properly defended, Wittenberg is almost impregnable. Let the walls be manned instantly, and all prepared for a seige."

DEFENCE OF WITTENBERG.

"Your commands shall be obeyed," replied the brave officer; and he left the room to make the necessary preparations.

In a few minutes the sharp, quick sound of the alarm-bells of the city announced to the inhabitants the danger which threatened them, and the necessity for exertion. And nobly did Sybilla behave in this hour of peril. Instead of abandoning herself to tears and lamentations for her husband's misfortune, she, both by her example and exhortations, animated the citizens to courage.

"Be firm and brave, my people," she said—as she appeared on the ramparts, surrounded by her children—"and we have nothing to fear. The walls of Wittenberg are strong, and with a few stout hearts may be well defended. For the honour of your sovereign prince, you will not let his capital city fall into the hands of the Spaniards."

"Never!" shouted the citizens, with one voice. "We will die first! Long live our noble prince!"

So well did Sybilla speak, and with such resolution did she inspire the people, that when Charles and his army appeared before Wittenberg, and summoned it to surrender, the answer returned was as determined as it was fearless. "We will defend our city to the last!" they exclaimed; "and we warn your emperor to treat our sovereign with the respect due to his rank. Let him remember Albert of Bradenburg is our prisoner, and if aught be done to harm the Elector of Saxony, that instant he dies."

"They shew some spirit, however, these Saxons," observed Charles to his officers; "we must besiege the city in earnest."

But your Majesty is destitute of everything requisite for such an undertaking," said the Duke of Alva: "it cannot be done."

"I will undertake to furnish all that is necessary," replied Prince Maurice. "Provisions, artillery, ammunition, pioneers, and whatever else is needed, shall be at your Majesty's service in a very short space of time."

"Say you so, Prince? Then let not an hour be lost. Give orders to open the trenches before the town; we will soon bring these rebels to obedience."

But the young margrave, Maurice, so eager to take possession of his kinsman's capital, had promised more than he was able to perform. His military stores and provisions were intercepted on their way to Wittenberg, and his pioneers dispersed. This put a stop to the progress of the siege, and determined the emperor to try some more expeditious and certain method of getting possession of the town.

A second time was Sybilla summoned to open the gates. "If this demand be not complied with," was the emperor's message, "the elector shall answer for your obstinacy with his head. Be warned in time."

"They *dare* not harm him," said the princess, indignantly. "A sovereign prince of Germany!

Charles dare not touch a hair of his head. Wittenberg shall *not* surrender."

"Alas, madam!" said Count Hugel, "I fear me these are not empty words of the emperor's. He has already brought the prince to trial."

"Brought my illustrious husband to trial! and in his own dominions! what mean you, Count Hugel?"

"You may well be surprised, gracious lady, at so extraordinary and irregular a proceeding; but such is the case," replied the count.

"And what, pray you, is the charge brought against the greatest prince in Germany?" asked Sybilla, while a proud tear glittered in her eye.

"The charge is founded on the ban of the empire, madam."

"A ban issued by the emperor alone, and on his sole authority! and destitute of every legal formality that could render it valid! Alas, for the liberties of Germany! And why, if Charles deems my noble husband guilty of rebellion, does he not consult the states of the empire, or lay the case before a court which, according to the German constitution, might legally take cognizance of it? The proceeding is as unheard of as it is unjust!"

"And when we find that the court-martial assembled to judge the elector is composed of Spanish and Italian officers, and that the Duke of Alva presides, we may well be fearful as to the result," said Count Hugel, gravely.

"The Duke of Alva!" exclaimed Sybilla, turning

pale, "the cruel Spaniard! oh! is it so? A man ever ready for deeds of violence and oppression, and a unflinching foe to the Protestants! This must not be. I will write to the emperor—I will remonstrate with him on the injustice and illegality of his proceedings. He will surely hear me. My beloved husband must not be left to the mercy of the cruel Duke of Alva."

She took the pen, and with a trembling hand prepared to write.

"I grieve to distress you, my gracious mistress," said the faithful officer, with troubled looks, "but an appeal will be useless. The court-martial has already found the elector guilty of rebellion and treason against his sovereign.—He is condemned to suffer death."

"Death!" exclaimed the unfortunate electress, in accents of terror, "oh no! anything but that! Give up Wittenberg—give up all to the emperor—but save, oh save my husband!"

She burst into tears, and her children, pressing round her, mingled their sobs with her.

Poor Sybilla! She who had supported with such undaunted fortitude her husband's misfortunes, while she imagined that they could reach no farther than to diminish his power or territories, felt all her resolution fail as soon as his life was threatened. Solicitous to save that, she despised every other consideration, and was willing to make any sacrifice in order to appease an incensed conqueror. Endeavouring to compose

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

her agitated feelings, she immediately wrote to her husband, entreating him to scruple at no concessions that would extricate him from the present danger, and deliver her and her children from their fears and anguish on his account. Prince John William, also, in the name of his brothers and sisters, wrote an earnest and affectionate letter to the same purpose. He implored his father to give up all, sooner than endanger a life so precious to them.

John Frederic the Magnanimous received the sentence of his condemnation in a manner worthy of the name he bore. He was playing at chess with his fellow-prisoner, Ernest of Brunswick, when the decree of the court-martial was announced to him. Pausing for a moment, though without showing any symptom of surprise or terror, he observed in his usual calm tone, "This is a most irregular and unjust proceeding on the part of the emperor. But it is easy to comprehend his scheme. I must die because Wittenberg will not surrender; and gladly shall I lay down my life, if by that sacrifice I can preserve the dignity of my house, and transmit to my posterity the inheritance which belongs to them. Would to God this sentence may not affect my wife and children more than it intimidates me, and that they, for the sake of adding a few days to my life, may not renounce honours and territories which they were born to possess!"

So saying, the elector turned again to his antagonist, and challenged him to continue the game.

He played with his usual attention and ingenuity, and having succeeded in checkmating Ernest, expressed all the satisfaction which is commonly felt on gaining such victories. Then retiring to his own apartment he employed the rest of his time in such religious exercises as were suitable to one in his situation.

But the tidings no sooner spread that the Elector of Saxony—a prince justly held in reverence as the most zealous protector of the Protestant cause—was about to suffer death, than petitions, remonstrances, and appeals poured in upon the emperor, earnestly entreating him not to execute the sentence. The Duke of Cleves, Sybilla's brother, the Elector of Bradenburg, and Maurice of Saxony, interceded warmly on behalf of the illustrious prisoner—for even Maurice, desirous as he was to obtain possession of his cousin's dominions, knew that he must become the object of detestation to the Saxons, and could never hope to govern them with tranquillity, if he were considered by them as having been accessory to the death of their beloved prince.

It was Sybilla, however, who saved her husband's life. Letter after letter, and messenger after messenger, she despatched, conjuring him to give up all to Charles, rather than overwhelm herself and children in unspeakable anguish. "Is it Wittenberg he would have, my beloved lord," she wrote, "let him have it—let him have all. Our dear sons add their earnest entreaties to mine that you will not think of them in this matter, otherwise than as chil-

SENTENCE COMMUTED.

dren willing to make any sacrifice to save the life of so beloved a parent."

John Frederic, on whom the consideration of what he might suffer himself had made no impression, was melted by the tears and entreaties of a wife and children whom he tenderly loved. For their sakes he agreed to articles of accommodation which he would have otherwise rejected with disdain. And now the emperor's point was gained. He had not really intended to put the elector to death; he merely wished to terrify him and his family into submission.

And yet it was to the uncle of this very man that Charles owed the Imperial crown! It was placed on his head through the influence of Frederic the Wise, who had himself nobly declined it.

The young princes of the house of Saxony were conversing together in sad tones on the troubles which, like heavy clouds, hung over their once happy home, when their mother entered the apartment. Her cheek was pale, and her lip quivered with emotion. "Thank God, my children!" she said, "your father's life is spared!"

With grateful hearts and beaming eyes, the princes offered up a silent but fervent thanksgiving to the Most High. Then embracing their mother, they inquired what had caused the emperor to relent in his cruel purpose.

"He relents on hard terms, my dear children," said Sybilla; "hard for you—hard for us all.—Are you prepared to bear calmly a total reverse of fortune?"

"We are prepared for anything and everything, as long as we have you and our dear father left to us," said Ernest.

Sybilla pressed the boy to her heart, and continued, "The conditions, then, on which the emperor grants your father's life are these;—that he resign the electoral dignity for himself and his posterity for ever; that he instantly put the imperial troops in possession of this city and Gotha; that he dismiss our prisoner, Albert of Brandenburg, without a ransom; that he submit in all things to the decrees of the imperial chamber; and that he renounce all leagues against the emperor and the king of the Romans. On these terms Charles consents to spare your father's life, and to settle on him and his posterity the city of Gotha, with an annual pension of 50,000 florins."

"Hard conditions, indeed!" exclaimed Prince John, "still we must be thankful for them. Our dear father is safe, and that more than compensates for any loss."

"Yet it is sad to think of your paternal inheritance being wrested from you, my sons; and all your future prospects darkened thus!" replied the electress, as she gazed on her promising boys with all a mother's love—"but God rules all in unerring wisdom and mercy; let us submit to his decrees without murmuring."

"Dearest mamma," said Lena, observing with some wonder her mother's tearful eyes, "are you not very glad papa is coming home again?"

"Alas! my child, he comes home no more," re-

THE EMPEROR'S CONDITIONS.

plied Sybilla in a low voice; "he is a prisoner for life."

"A prisoner for life!" exclaimed the children in accents of surprise and grief; "oh, mother! is it indeed so?"

"It is too true, my children; the emperor—" but poor Sybilla could say no more.

"Dear mother," said Frederic, attempting to soothe his afflicted parent, "be comforted. Rest assured the emperor will not dare to act so unjust, so tyrannical a part. All Germany will rise in my father's behalf."

"The princes cannot, will not, submit to such an infringement of their laws!" exclaimed Prince John, "the emperor must know that well."

"I doubt if they will dare to oppose him," said the sorrowing electress; "his power is too great. See how he has subdued one sovereign prince after another! The Landgrave of Hesse alone is left to maintain the Protestant cause."

"The cause which his son-in-law has so shamefully deserted," observed Frederic.

"And for which he is to be rewarded with your father's electoral dominions," replied Sybilla.

"Is it so, mother? Is Prince Maurice indeed to reign in Saxony? Oh, shame! shame! But he will never enjoy possessions purchased at the price of his religion and honour."

"I cannot understand him," said the electress. So talented, prudent, and brave as Prince Maurice undoubtedly is, with so much both to esteem and love in

his character, it is surprising to me how he has disappointed the expectations formed of him in his boyhood. I sometimes think that this apparent disregard of the principles in which he was brought up is but feigned; that there is a purpose in it, and that he is in heart a Protestant. It seems but yesterday that I rejoiced over the princely boy, who gave so fair and bright a promise of adding honour to the house of Saxony."

"I hope I shall always be a true Protestant, as papa is," said Albert, thoughtfully.

"God grant it, my dear boy," replied his mother, as she kissed his fair forehead. "Your father's example is one worthy of imitation. To the terms on which his precious life was granted, the emperor had also subjoined that he should submit to the decrees of the pope and council with respect to the controverted points in religion. But in his own noble and faithful spirit, he replied, 'No! I have been persuaded to sacrifice all the objects which men commonly hold to be the dearest and most valuable; but on the point of my religious faith I am inflexible. Nothing shall prevail on me to renounce the truth, or persuade me to act in opposition to the dictates of my conscience.' Oh, my children, remember those words as long as you live, and be alike firm and faithful."

The bright eyes of the Saxon princes glistened. "We will endeavour to prove ourselves worthy of such parents, and of the principles in which we have been educated," they replied. "Be comforted, dearest

CHARLES ENTERS WITTENBERG.

mother, we shall have a happy home again, though not in Wittenberg."

"Ah! that reminds me I have many painful duties to perform," said the electress with a sigh. "Come, my dear sons, we must prepare for our departure."

As Charles the Fifth, at the head of his troops entered Wittenberg in triumph, the Duke of Alva, who was riding near him, observed, "Is not this the city where Luther was buried? I would advise your Majesty to exhume and burn the body of the arch-heretic."

"Nay," replied Charles, "let him rest! he has appeared before his Judge ere now—I wage war with the living, not with the dead." and at the same time he ordered that the Lutheran service should meet with no interruption.

Sybilla and her children, with the Saxon troops, having left the capital, Prince Maurice was put in possession of it, together with all the other towns in the electorate.

But though the emperor had been thus far victorious, the Landgrave of Hesse, Maurice's father-in-law, was still in arms, and was neither a feeble nor contemptible enemy. Intimidated, however, by all that had happened, he thought not of making a stand against a conqueror to whose will he imagined there was a necessity of submitting, and intent only on procuring the most favourable terms he could, he prepared to negotiate with Charles. Maurice encouraged this tame and pacific spirit, boasting of the emperor's

power, and the advantageous terms he would be sure to grant. But just as the landgrave was about to bring matters to a final accommodation, he was restrained by the thoughts which rushed into his mind. "I cannot do it!" he exclaimed, "I cannot trust the emperor! his ambition, his injustice, his dissimulation, are evident to all. Look at his behaviour to the elector! What can be said for such conduct? And may he not treat me in like manner, should I submit? No! I will enter into no terms with him—better is it for me to depend for safety on my own good sword, than confide in the generosity of Charles the Fifth."

This bold resolution, however, soon faded away, and, full of doubts and fears, the Landgrave of Hesse at length agreed to submit to the emperor's conditions. They were extremely rigorous. He was to acknowledge Charles's authority, and surrender himself and his territories to him—to ask for pardon on his bended knees—to pay 150,000 crowns towards defraying the expenses of the war—to demolish the fortifications of all the towns in his dominions, except one—to allow a free passage through his territories to the imperial troops as often as it should be demanded—to deliver up all his artillery and ammunition to the emperor; and never, on any pretext, to take up arms against him in future.

To these hard terms the landgrave could not, without the utmost reluctance, be brought to submit. As they contained no stipulation concerning the manner in which he himself was to be treated, he endeavoured

SUSPICIONS OF THE LANGRAVE.

to obtain some promise for the security and freedom of his person on his submission. But, "those terms, or none!" was the emperor's haughty reply. With the fate of John Frederic still before his eyes, the landgrave could not but hesitate before subscribing to them. "Can I trust the emperor in so important a point?" he anxiously deliberated, as he paced his apartment with slow steps. "I dare not! my liberty is too precious to me to risk it. There is yet a way of escape; I will take the field against him."

"Be not alarmed as to your liberty," observed Prince Maurice, who was present, "I have been given to understand from the emperor, and I am myself fully satisfied on the point, that he will treat you in like manner as he did the Duke of Wirtemberg; allowing you, as soon as your submission is made, to return to your own territories."

"Say you so, son-in-law? If I thought that—but I am terribly suspicious of him. Suppose I lost my liberty! and his word is not to be trusted, Maurice. No! I will not venture within the meshes of his net."

"But what remains for you to do, sir? if you do not submit, the emperor brings his victorious troops against you, and who can resist him? You may safely trust him, believe me. I feel persuaded he will not deprive you of your liberty, or treat you in a manner unworthy of your high rank."

"You may be satisfied, son, but I am not. I say again, his word is not to be depended on."

Finding his father-in-law still so suspicious of the

JOHN FREDERIC.

emperor's intentions, and unwilling to trust verbal or ambiguous declarations in a matter of such essential concern as his own liberty, Prince Maurice proceeded to the Elector of Brandenburg, and with him signed a bond, containing the most solemn obligations, that if any violence whatever were offered to the landgrave's person during his interview with the emperor, they would instantly surrender themselves to his sons, and remain in their hands, to be treated by them in the same manner as the emperor should treat him. For both these princes were both persuaded that Charles did not mean to deprive the landgrave of his liberty. And the latter at length consented to submit.

In the imperial camp at Halle, in Saxony, the emperor waited to receive the public submission of the mortified German prince. Vexed to the heart at the humiliating ceremony he was about to undergo, Philip of Hesse approached the presence chamber. Before entering, a copy of the articles to which he had agreed was placed in his hands, in order that he might sign them anew. Upon perusing them, the landgrave's countenance expressed both astonishment and anger. "What means this?" he exclaimed, with passionate vehemence, "here are two new articles added. One—that if any dispute should hereafter arise concerning the meaning of the conditions, the emperor shall have the right of putting what interpretation upon them he thinks fit! The other—that I am bound to submit implicitly to the decisions of the Council of Trent! Away with such a thought!

THE LANDGRAVE'S SUBMISSION.

Never will I sign such articles! It is a base unworthy artifice, sirs, unworthy of Charles the Fifth. But never will I submit to this! never will I disgrace myself by agreeing to such dishonourable terms! Away with it!"

"Blame not the emperor," said Prince Maurice, hastily; "his ministers have inserted these articles; since they are so distasteful to you, I will try to prevail on them to withdraw them."

"Do what you will, son Maurice," replied Philip, testily, "it is a bad business altogether; I wish I were well out of it. If this is a specimen of imperial justice and honesty, far better for me to have kept at a distance."

It was not without some difficulty that Maurice, seeing his father-in-law's determination, prevailed on the imperial ministers to drop the first article as unjust, and to explain the second in such a manner that the landgrave could agree to it without openly renouncing the Protestant religion. Somewhat pacified, he now impatiently desired to hurry over the humiliating ceremony which lay before him. The folding-doors of the presence-chamber being thrown open, the emperor was discovered seated on a magnificent throne, with all the ensigns of his dignity, and surrounded by a numerous train of princes of the empire, all attired in costly robes suited to their rank. Amongst these, Philip's first glance rested on Henry of Brunswick, lately his prisoner, and now a spectator of his humiliation. It was a bitter moment!

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Smothering his mortification as well as he could, the landgrave, being introduced with much solemnity, advanced to the throne, and fell on his knees before the emperor. His chancellor, who walked behind him, immediately read a paper for his master, confessing that he had indeed been guilty of a great crime in taking up arms against his sovereign; that on that account he deserved a severe punishment; that he resigned himself and his dominions entirely and absolutely to the emperor; that he humbly entreated pardon, trusting only to the emperor's clemency; and that he promised to conduct himself for the future as a loyal, obedient, and grateful subject.

While this paper was being read, the eyes of all present were fixed on the unfortunate landgrave, and few could behold a prince, alike powerful and high-spirited, suing for mercy in the posture of a suppliant, without being touched with commiseration, and reflecting seriously on the utter instability and emptiness of all earthly grandeur. Charles, however, viewed the whole transaction with an unfeeling, haughty composure, and, without speaking, made a sign to one of his secretaries to read his answer, the tenor of which was, that though he might justly have visited the landgrave with a severe punishment for his crimes, yet, prompted by his own generosity, and moved by the solicitations of several princes in his behalf, he would not deal with him according to the rigour of justice, and would subject him to no penalty that was not specified in the articles to which he had

THE EMPEROR'S BREACH OF FAITH.

agreed. The moment the secretary had finished reading, Charles abruptly turned away, without deigning to bestow on the kneeling suppliant one sign of compassion or forgiveness. He did not even desire him to rise from his humble posture.

The landgrave, however, did so unbidden, and was hastening after the emperor to kiss his hand, when the Elector of Brandenburg interposed. "Not now," he said, detaining Philip, "this is not the time; come with me and Prince Maurice to the apartments of the Duke of Alva. All is well over."

The duke received his guests with respect and courtesy. He treated them with the distinction due to their rank, and conversed with them on various subjects. The landgrave rejoiced that the painful ceremony of his submission was over, felt relieved of a heavy burden, and began to hope his troubles would soon be at an end. Alas! he was bitterly mistaken.

After supper, whilst Philip was engaged in play with some officers, the Duke of Alva beckoned Prince Maurice and the Elector of Brandenburg aside. "I grieve to tell you," said he, "that I must detain the Landgrave of Hesse a prisoner. Such is the command of the emperor."

The princes actually started with surprise. "What!" they exclaimed, "after the emperor's promise! it cannot be! there must be some mistake, my lord!"

"There is no mistake. My orders are, that the landgrave remains here under the custody of the Spanish guard."

"Then grossly have we been deceived," said Prince Maurice, indignantly; "and not only deceived ourselves, but made the instruments of deceiving and ruining our friend! Never had I the most distant suspicion of the emperor's sincerity, or never would I have advised what I did. What will the landgrave think of us?"

"It is a serious matter, indeed," observed Albert of Brandenburg. "My lord duke, I pray you to save us from the disgrace of breaking our plighted word. To fail in truth and honour is not the attribute of a German prince."

"I can do nothing, my lords," replied the duke; "my orders are given, and I cannot disobey them."

"And the landgrave must suffer from placing too great confidence in us!" said Prince Maurice; "this is not to be borne! The name of Maurice of Saxony shall not be branded as a betrayer whilst he lives to prevent it."

And the proud colour flushed the young soldier's brow.

"Nevertheless it must be as the emperor says," replied the Duke of Alva, with a slight sneer: "his will must be obeyed whether it be agreeable or no, Prince Maurice."

"His will!" muttered the prince, impatiently; "ay, all must submit to that. My lord duke," he continued, in a louder tone, "has your master no regard for his plighted word?"

"We are not here to discuss the character of my

master and your master, Prince Maurice. All I have to do is to execute his commands."

Complaints, arguments, and entreaties, were alike useless: the duke remained inflexible, and in a few minutes announced to the landgrave that he was his prisoner, by the emperor's orders.

To describe the astonishment, rage, and impatience of the unfortunate and deceived prince, would be impossible. He complained, he expostulated, he exclaimed at the injustice done to him. He inveighed against the emperor's artifices as unworthy a great and generous prince. In the violence of his resentment he bitterly censured his son-in-law and Albert of Brandenburg for trusting to the promises of Charles; and even accused them of meanness in stooping to lend their assistance towards the execution of so perfidious and dishonourable a scheme. They, after suffering his passion in some measure to exhaust itself, solemnly asserted their own innocence and upright intention in the whole transaction, and encouraged him to hope that, as soon as they saw the emperor, they would obtain redress for the injury.

"Our honour is as precious to us, Sir, as your liberty is valuable to you," said Prince Maurice. "This matter shall be seen to without delay; it is altogether as unexpected as it is unjust."

Then, in order still further to soothe the landgrave's excited feelings, the prince intimated his intention of remaining with him during the night, in the apartment where he was confined.

The next morning found Maurice and the Elector of Brandenburg with the emperor, earnestly interceding on behalf of the landgrave. They represented the infamy to which they should be exposed throughout Germany, if he were still detained in custody; that they would never have advised his submission, had they suspected the loss of his liberty was to be the consequence of it; and that they were bound to procure his release, having plighted their faith on it, and even engaged their own persons as sureties for his.

Charles listened to their earnest remonstrances with the utmost coolness. "I am ignorant, gentlemen," said he, with some haughtiness, "of your private transactions with the Landgrave of Hesse, nor can I be expected to regulate my conduct by any engagements into which you have thought fit to enter. I well know the promise I myself gave, and with that alone I have to do:—it was, not that the landgrave should be exempt from all restraint, but that he should not be kept a prisoner for life. That promise I mean to fulfil."

Having said this with an air of decision, he broke up the conference; and the mortified princes were obliged to return and acquaint the unfortunate prisoner with their ill success in his behalf.

His rage and violence then burst forth anew. Knowing that Maurice stood high in the imperial favour, he had hoped much from his intercession, and now that he was disappointed his passion for a time was fearful to behold. What a contrast was it to the

HAUGHTINESS OF CHARLES.

calm and patient dignity with which Frederic of Saxony bore his misfortunes! To prevent his proceeding to some desperate extremity, the elector and Maurice promised that they would not quit the emperor till, by the frequency and fervency of their intercessions, they had extorted his consent to set him free.

Accordingly, in a few days, they again renewed their solicitations, but found Charles more haughty and intractable than before. "You have had my answer," he said sternly; "let me hear no more on this subject, or I will instantly give orders to convey the prisoner to Spain." The princes saw he was in no mood to be trifled with; they left the court, and not desirous of witnessing again the landgrave's rage at their failure, they informed him of it by letter, and strongly advised him to fulfil all that he had promised to the emperor, as the most certain means of procuring a speedy release.

The unfortunate landgrave did so. One after another of his proud fortresses were razed to the ground; all alliances which could give offence were renounced; the sum of money that had been imposed upon him was paid over into the imperial coffers; and all the articles duly fulfilled. But this prompt compliance to the will of the conqueror produced no effect. He was still guarded with the most vigilant severity; and being carried about, with his fellow-prisoner, the Elector of Saxony, wherever the emperor went, their disgrace, and his triumph, were each day renewed.

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But while the elector bore these repeated insults with fortitude and equanimity, the landgrave became most fretful and impatient under them. His active, impetuous mind could ill brook restraint, and when he reflected on the artifices which had decoyed him into the situation he was in, he too often gave way to frightful sallies of passion.

The people of the different cities of Germany, to whom Charles exposed his prisoners as a public spectacle, were deeply touched with the insult offered to two of their most illustrious princes, and murmured loudly at the emperor's conduct towards them. But this mattered little to Charles; he proceeded to add oppression to insult, and assumed the rights of a conqueror over the German nation.

Meantime Sybilla and her children, in the city of Gotha, mourned the absent husband and father. As day after day, and week after week, rolled away, and they saw no prospect of his return, their hopes grew fainter and fainter, and they feared he would indeed be a captive for the remainder of his life. To Sybilla the thought was harrowing and painful in the extreme; but this noble woman, while suffering herself, would not that the sorrows she felt should press too heavily on her dear children. Concealing her own anxieties and fears, she endeavoured to reconcile them to their new situation; and, both by her example and counsel, taught them, instead of repining at their lot, to employ themselves in active and useful occupations.

“My dear Frederic, of what are you thinking so

deeply?" said Sybilla, as she sat one morning with her children.

"I was thinking, mamma, how it would have grieved Dr. Martin Luther to have seen my father a prisoner."

"Ah! the good man has been spared that sorrow, Frederic. It would, indeed, have grieved him. He has been taken away from much evil."

"He and the emperor would never have agreed, would they, mamma?"

"Oh, no! The present system of doctrine, which the emperor is endeavouring to force on the German nation, would have called forth Luther's strongest reprobation."

"What is that, dear mamma?" asked Lena.

"It is a system Charles has prepared to serve as a rule of faith in this country, my love; one equally distasteful both to Protestants and Papists. The former condemn it as a system containing the grossest errors of popery; and the latter inveigh against it as a work in which some doctrines of their church are given up and others concealed."

"So, in endeavouring to satisfy both parties, he has pleased neither!" said Augustus; "and yet he is attempting to make the people submit to it, you say?"

"Yes; and, strange to say, he has prevailed on many princes of the empire to agree to his new model. The free cities of Augsburg, Ulm, Strasburg, and others, which were violently opposed to it, and with one voice declared they would have nothing to do

with it, on account of its popish errors, have all been forced to submit. But though compelled to receive the Interim, through fear of Charles, it has produced no change in their religious faith."

"Why is it called the Interim, mamma?"

"Because it is a system which is to continue in force only till a free general council can be held."

"I suppose Prince Maurice has agreed to it, to please the emperor?"

"He has; though its doctrines are directly opposed to the religion he professes."

"And what does papa say to it?" asked Lena.

"Your father, my love, is firm and faithful still. The emperor, well knowing the authority of his example with all the Protestant party, has, with the utmost earnestness, endeavoured to gain his approbation of the Interim; but in vain. The promises of being set at liberty if he agreed to it, and the threats of being treated with still greater harshness if he did not, have alike failed to move your father's stedfast heart. He declared his fixed belief in the doctrines which Luther preached, and then said, 'I cannot now, in my old age, abandon the principles for which I early contended; nor, in order to procure freedom for a few short years, will I betray that good cause on account of which I have suffered so much, and am still willing to suffer more. Better for me to enjoy in this solitude the esteem of virtuous men, with the approbation of my own conscience, than to return into the world with the imputation and guilt of apos-

THE INTERIM.

tacy to disgrace and embitter the remainder of my days.' Such was his noble resolve, my dear children, and bitterly as I mourn over his absence and imprisonment, I cannot wish those words unsaid."

"Oh, no!" replied Frederic, "anything is better than giving up our Protestant faith—the faith of the Bible. Dear papa! what an example he sets to Germany! Even his enemies must admire such magnanimous conduct."

"Is the emperor angry with him for not accepting the Interim, mamma?"

"He is, Albert. The rigour of his confinement is increased, the number of his servants abridged, the Lutheran clergymen who have hitherto been allowed to attend him, are dismissed, and even his books of devotion taken away. But they cannot take away the precious truths of God's word treasured up in his heart, or the peace which springs from an unwavering trust in Him who ordereth all things for our good."

The tears which flowed down Sybilla's pale cheek as she spoke, showed the children how much she felt. They respected her grief, and silently pursued their employments.

At length, after a pause of some minutes, Prince John asked, what the Landgrave of Hesse had said to the new system?"

"His patience and fortitude are both so much exhausted by his imprisonment, that he is willing to purchase freedom at any price," replied Sybilla

"He accordingly wrote to the emperor, offering not only to approve of the Interim, but to yield an unreserved submission to his will in every other particular. The emperor, however, paid no regard to his offers. He was well aware that his example would not prevail on his subjects to receive the Interim, therefore threw aside his letter with a smile of contempt. I grieve the landgrave should have acted thus; it has exposed him to much censure from the Protestants, and brought no benefit to himself."

"Is he confined as strictly as ever?"

"He is, and ill bears such restraint. Let us be thankful, my dear children, that your father's spirit is so unruffled, and his patience and magnanimity so truly admirable in the midst of his misfortunes."

In the spring of the year 1552, an event took place which astonished all Germany. Maurice of Saxony threw off the mask he had so long worn, and, standing forth as the champion of Protestantism, took up arms against the emperor. The change was as startling as it was unexpected. High as he had been in the emperor's favour and confidence, zealous in his service, and apparently friendly up to the very moment of his declaring war, men could at first scarcely credit the tidings. That he who had been so lukewarm in the Protestant cause, and so ready to fall in with the emperor's measures concerning it, should now boldly declare himself as its unflinching defender and upholder, surprised, no less than it delighted, all of that religion. But Maurice, though his conduct had been

CHANGE OF AFFAIRS.

most artful and unjustifiable, was sincerely attached to the Lutheran doctrines. He laid his plans cautiously and secretly; and when all was prepared, and he found himself at the head of an army large enough to defy the emperor, he suddenly declared his intentions. "I take up arms," he said, "for three reasons. That I may defend the Protestant religion, which I see threatened with immediate destruction—that I may maintain the constitution and laws of Germany, and save my country from being subject to the dominion of an absolute monarch—and that I may deliver the Landgrave of Hesse from the miseries of a long and unjust confinement."

For these reasons, Catholic, as well as Protestant, wished him success. The one party had long seen with uneasiness the growing power of Charles, the other rejoiced that so powerful a prince was about to defend their religion; and all desired to see the unfortunate landgrave free. Albert of Brandenburg joined Maurice immediately, and the king of France powerfully supported him; whilst numbers of the German princes took up arms in the same cause, and all hoped it would be successful.

But no words can express the emperor's astonishment and consternation at events so unexpected. He bitterly repented now he had been so harsh to the landgrave, and so deaf to Maurice's solicitations for his liberty. After in vain attempting to negotiate, he was forced to fly. On a dark night, amidst violent rain, and enfeebled by an attack of the gout so that

he could only proceed in a litter, the conqueror, who had for the last five years kept Germany in awe, now took his way with precipitation into Carinthia. Travelling by roads almost impassable over the Alps, guided by the light of torches, and followed by his attendants in the utmost confusion, Charles, in that remote corner, found a refuge from the man whom he had treated as a friend and loaded with favours! Yes! he who had so often deceived others had now been terribly deceived himself; and truly was the solemn Scripture warning fulfilled in his case, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

It was a bright and beautiful summer's morning, and the good people of the city of Gotha manifested unusual symptoms of joy and satisfaction. Every countenance wore a pleased, almost a triumphant expression, while mutual congratulations and good wishes passed on all sides. The city had put on its gayest appearance, and the streaming banners, the merry strains of music, the chiming of the bells, and the universal holiday which both young and old seemed to have taken, denoted this to be a day of no common rejoicing. But if there was joy in the city, more especially was there joy and heart-felt gratitude in the palace; for this was the day on which Sybilla and her children expected to welcome home the long-imprisoned elector.

"It will, indeed, be a blessing to have our beloved prince once more amongst us," said one citizen to another; "his absence has been a long one."

THE TREATY OF PASSAU.

“Ay, but his five years of captivity have not lessened the love of his subjects for him, friend Hans. His noble conduct, and his firm attachment to the Protestant faith, have, in no common degree, won our esteem and reverence.”

“Yes, we have some reason to be proud of him, Fritz. How different was the conduct of the Landgrave of Hesse!”

“A contrast, indeed! They say, however, that the landgrave’s spirits are quite broken by his long imprisonment; and that, although now free and reinstated in his dominions, he has lost all his vigour and activity, and is an altered man. From having been the boldest as well as most enterprising prince in the empire, I hear he has become the most timid and cautious.”

“Well, Prince Maurice has certainly changed the aspect of German affairs. Who could have imagined he was such a friend to the Protestants as he has proved! That Treaty of Passau is everything to us.”

“What is the Treaty of Passau, father?” said Hans’ little son, who stood by him. “I hear every one talking of it, and rejoicing about it; but I do not know what it means.”

“It is a treaty, my boy, which Prince Maurice has obliged the emperor to sign, securing to us the free exercise of our Protestant religion. A treaty that completely overturns the vast fabric which for so many years Charles the Fifth has employed the utmost efforts of his power and policy to erect, and which

establishes the Protestant Church in Germany on a firm basis. Would that the good Dr. Martin Luther were alive to see this day!"

"Nay, Hans, he is at rest," replied Fritz; "we could not wish him back again. But though we are, indeed, deeply indebted to Prince Maurice, for so nobly supporting our cause, I confess I do not admire his character. He may be bold and enterprising in the field, and cautious and crafty in the cabinet, but his conduct towards our elector cannot be defended."

"Neither can we justify his dissimulation. He has extraordinary talents, and is, doubtless, one of the most remarkable men of the day; but he does not possess the upright principles and solid virtues which so ennoble the character of John Frederic the Magnanimous."

The liberated prince arrived, and was welcomed home amidst the rejoicings of thousands of his subjects, and the grateful tears of his beloved family: and though he never regained possession of that part of his territories which Maurice had obtained, he continued to display the same virtuous magnanimity for which he had been conspicuous in a more prosperous state, and maintained during the remainder of his life that high reputation to which he had so just a title.

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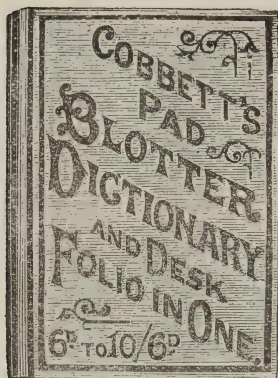
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